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Freeman
Child-story reader
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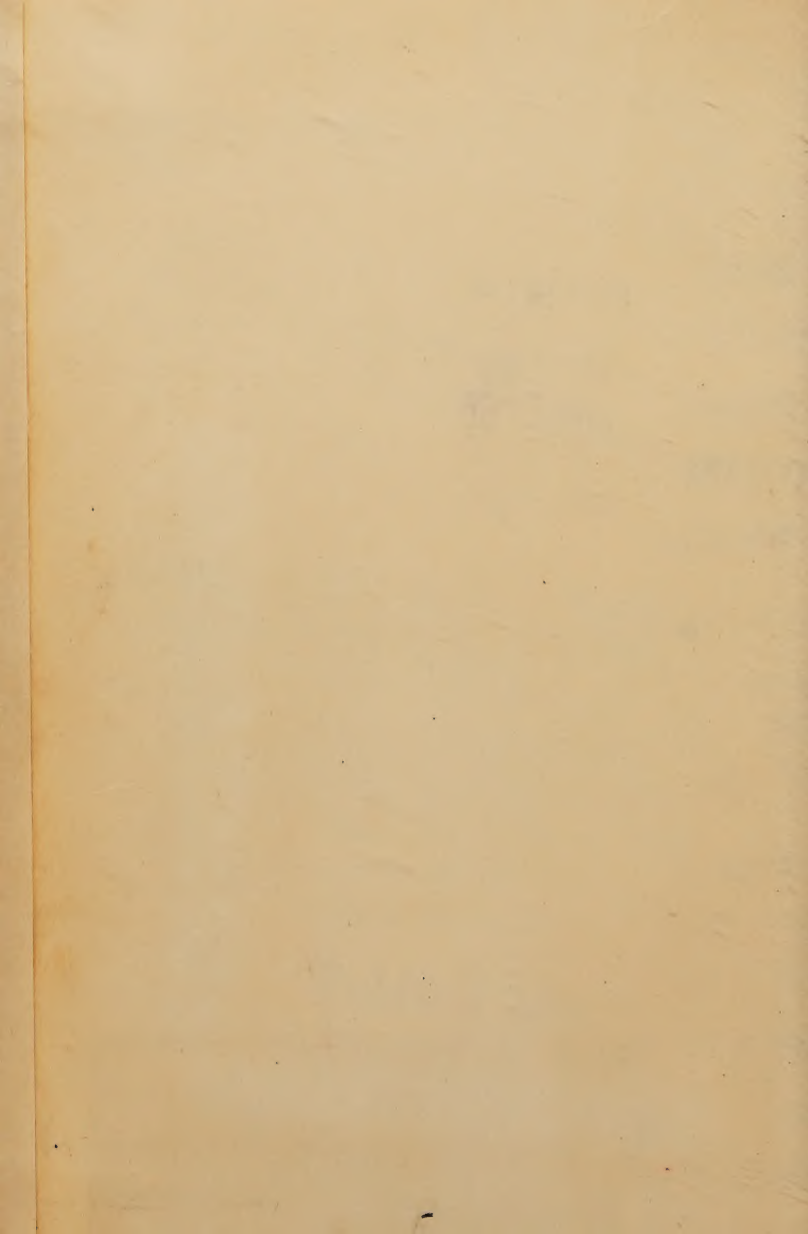
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CHILD-STORY READERS

by

FRANK N. FREEMAN

SCHOOL OF EDUCATION, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

GRACE E. STORM

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION, SCHOOL OF EDUCATION,
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, DEPARTMENT KINDERGARTEN-PRIMARY

ELEANOR M. JOHNSON

ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS,
LAKEWOOD, OHIO

W. C. FRENCH

PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION, GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Illustrated by

VERA STONE NORMAN

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THE LITTLE WATER FAIRY

This is an easy story. Read it to yourself as fast as you can; but be sure you understand what you read, for when you have finished, you will be asked to tell about all the adventures this little fairy had.

HOW A LITTLE BOY NAMED TOM BECAME A WATER FAIRY

One day a little boy named Tom was playing on the banks of a brook. After a time, he grew tired and lay down in the grass. He looked into the clear water and saw the silver trout dart in and out. Then he dipped his hand in and found it very cool. He said:

“I will be a fish. I will swim in the water.”

So he pulled off all his clothes and put his feet into the water, and then his legs, and then he tumbled himself as fast as he could into the clear, cold stream.



He had not been there two minutes before he fell fast asleep.

And now comes the most wonderful part of the story.

While Tom slept, the fairies of the stream came up from the bottom and found him floating on a water lily. Then the fairies laughed for joy at the thought of having a little brother.

When Tom awoke, he found himself swimming out in the stream, but he was no bigger than your thumb. The fairies had turned him into a water baby.

Tom forgot all about his home and all that had happened to him where he had lived before.

He was very happy in the water. He had nothing to do but enjoy himself and look at the pretty things which are to be seen in the cool, clear water world.



Sometimes he watched the water in and out among the stones under the water. Sometimes he swam into the water. They would have looked like little you, but 'Tom, you must remember little that everything looked a hundred as big to him as it does to you. In the forest he saw the water monkeys and squirrels run up and down among the branches.

There were water flowers there, too. Tom tried to pick them, but as soon as he touched them, they turned into knots of jelly.

Now you must know that all the things under the water talk; not such a language as ours, but such as horses, dogs, cows, and birds talk to each other. Tom soon learned to understand them and talk to them.

Now Tom might have had a pleasant time if he had only been good. But he teased and tormented the poor water-things until they were all afraid of him and got out of his way



or crept into their shells. So he had no one to speak to or play with.

The queen of the fairies told the fairies that they must keep Tom safe from harm, but that they must not play with him or speak to him or let him see them.

Then the fairies were sad, because they could not play with their new brother, but they always did as they were told.

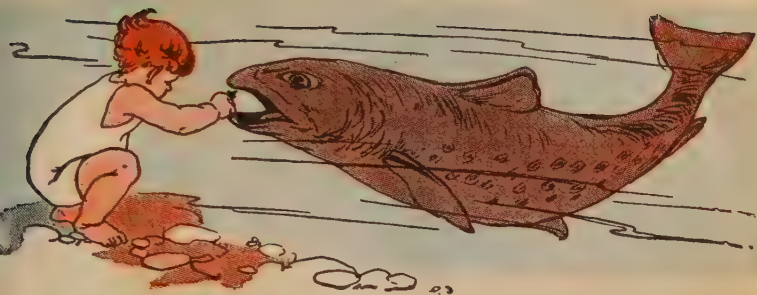
TOM AND THE OLD TROUT

One day Tom came to a pool full of little trout. He began tormenting them and trying to catch them. They slipped through his fingers and jumped clear out of the water in their fright.

As he chased them, Tom swam near a dark pool under a big rock. Out flopped a big old brown trout ten times as big as Tom. She ran straight at Tom and knocked nearly all the breath out of his body.

Tom was so frightened that day, that he did not torment the water creatures for a long time after.

It was not long before the trout and he made up. Tom used to play with them at hare and hounds and had great fun. He used to try to leap out of the water, heels over head, as they did before a shower came on, but somehow he never could manage it. Often Tom caught flies and gave them to his friends, the trout.



TOM GOES DOWN TO THE SEA

At last Tom grew tired of the narrow little stream in which he lived. He could not tell why, but he wanted to get out into the wide, wide world and enjoy all the wonderful sights of which he was sure it was full.

At once he set off to go down the stream. The rushing water carried Tom past tall rocks, under dark bridges, by sleeping villages away and away to the sea. Tom could not stop and did not care to stop. He would see the great world below and the wide, wide sea.

After a while, he came to a place where the river spread out so wide, that little Tom as he put his head out of the water, could hardly see across.



There he stopped. He got a little frightened.

"This must be the sea," he thought. "What a wide place it is! If I go on into it, I shall surely lose my way or some strange thing will bite me. I will stop here and look out for some one to tell me where I shall go."

So he crept into a crack in a rock and watched for some one to tell him the way. There he waited and slept, too, for he was quite tired after his night's journey.

When he awoke he saw a sight which made

him jump up, for he knew in a moment that it was one of the things which he had come to look for.

Such a fish! It was ten times as big as the biggest trout, and a hundred times as big as Tom.

Tom was so frightened that he longed to creep into a hole.

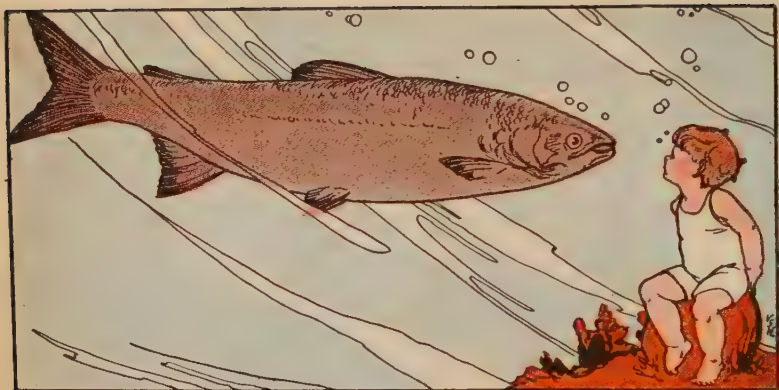
"Surely," thought Tom, "This must be the king of all the fish."

In a few minutes another came, and then four or five passed Tom. Tom was so delighted that he could have watched them all day long.

At last one bigger than all the rest came by. The great fish stopped to rest behind the rock where Tom sat. The fish saw Tom and looked at him very fiercely as if he was going to bite him.

"What do you want here?" said the fish very fiercely.

"Oh, don't hurt me!" cried Tom. "I only



want to look at you; you are so handsome.”

“I really beg your pardon,” said the huge fish. “I see what you are, my little dear. I have met one or two creatures like you before. Indeed, it was only last night that one at the river’s mouth showed me the way around some nets.”

“So there are babies in the sea!” cried Tom, and clapped his little hands. “Then I shall have some one to play with!”

“Were there no babies up this stream?” asked the fish.

“No! and I grew so lonely. I had nothing

at all to play with but dragon flies and trout.”

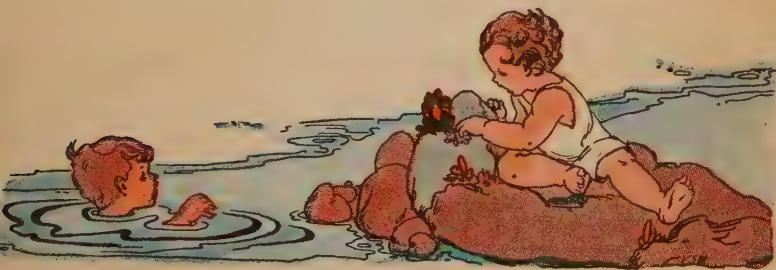
By and by the fish left Tom and went up the stream. Then Tom went down. He went along for many days, for it was many miles down to the sea.

Perhaps he never would have found his way if the fairies had not guided him without his seeing them.

Tom grew very tired for it was a long journey, and more than once he longed to be back in the bright summer sun.

TOM MEETS A WATER BABY

One night a most wonderful thing happened to Tom. He was swimming about in the water when he saw a real live water baby



sitting on the white sand very busy about a little point of rock.

When it saw Tom, it looked up for a moment and then cried:

“Why, you are not one of us. You are a new baby!”

It ran to Tom and Tom ran to it, and they hugged and kissed each other for ever so long; they did not know why.

At last Tom said, “Where have you been all this while? I have been looking for you so long, and I have been so lonely.”

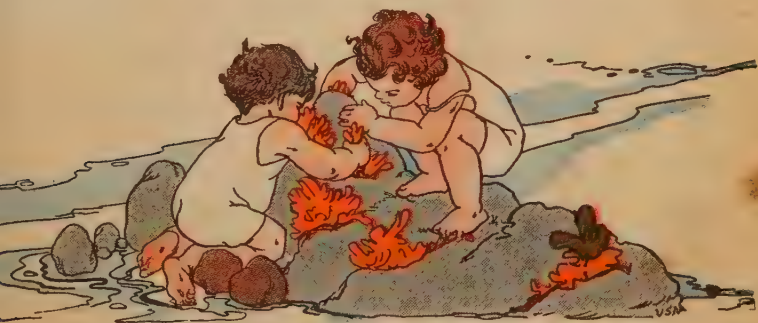
“We have been here for days and days. There are hundreds of us about the rocks. How was it you did not see us, or hear us when we sing and dance every evening before we go home?”

“Now,” said the water baby, “come and help me or I shall not have finished before my brothers and sisters come, and it is almost time to go home.”

“How shall I help you?” asked Tom.

“At this poor, dear, little rock, a great stone came rolling by in the last storm and knocked all its head off and rubbed off all its flowers. Now I must plant it again with sea weeds, and I will make it the prettiest little rock garden on the shore.”

So they worked away at the rock and planted it and smoothed the sand down around it.



Soon Tom heard all the other babies coming. They were laughing and singing and shouting. In they came, dozens and dozens of them, some bigger than Tom and some smaller, all in little white bathing dresses.

When they found Tom was a new baby, they hugged him and kissed him, and they put him in the middle and danced around him on the sand. There was no one ever so happy as poor Tom. At last he had found some one to play with.

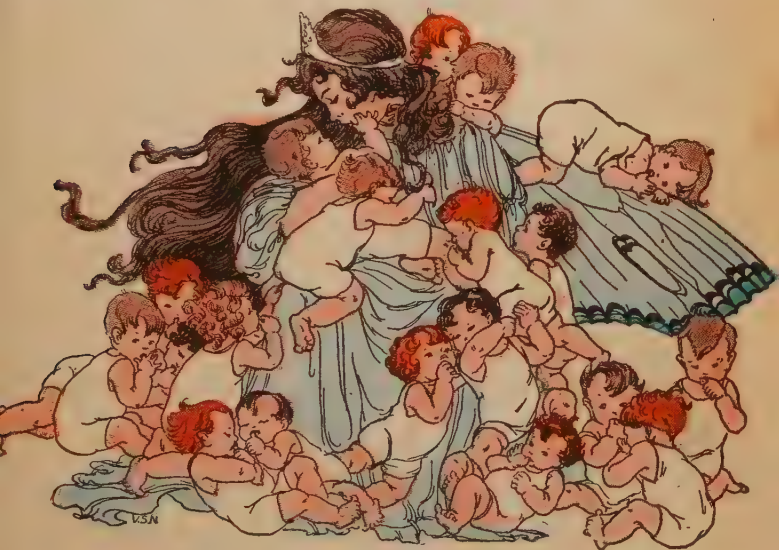
“Now then,” they all cried at once, “we must come away home; we must come away home. We have mended all the broken seaweed and put all the rock-pools in order and planted all the shells again in the sand. Nobody can see where the ugly storm swept in last week.”

This is the reason why the rock-pools are always so neat and clean because the water babies come inshore after every storm to sweep them out and comb them down and put them all to rights again.

Tom went home with the water babies. When they arrived, out came a pretty lady to meet them. When the children saw her they began dancing and clapping their hands.

Tom danced, too, with all his might. Tom noticed that the lady had the sweetest, kindest, tenderest, funniest, merriest face he had ever seen.

The children all caught hold of her and pulled her till she sat down on a stone. They climbed into her lap; they clung round her neck and caught hold of her hands. Then they all put their thumbs into their mouths and purred like so many kittens.



Tom stood staring at them for he could not understand what it was all about.

“Who are you, you little darling?” asked the lovely lady.

“Oh, that is the new baby!” they all cried, pulling their thumbs out of their mouths. “He hasn’t any mother.” Then they all put their thumbs back again for they did not wish to lose any time.

“Then I will be his mother, and he shall have the very best place; so get out, all of you, this moment.”

The pretty lady took up two great armfuls of babies, nine hundred under one arm and thirteen hundred under the other, and threw them away, right and left into the water.

But the babies did not mind that for they did not even take their thumbs out of their mouths. They came paddling and swimming back to her till you could see nothing of her from head to foot for all the babies.

The lovely lady took Tom in her arms and

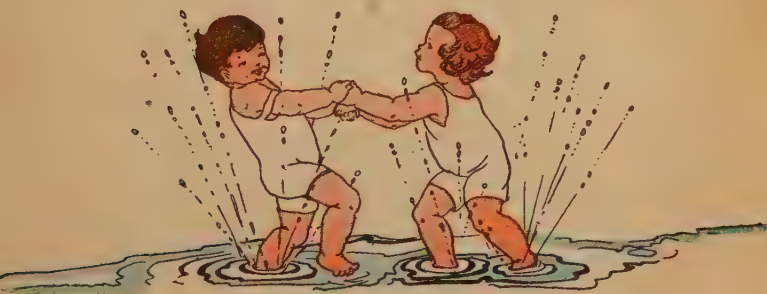
laid him in the softest place of all. She kissed him and talked to him tenderly and low such things as he had never heard before in his life.

“Now,” said the lovely lady to Tom, “will you be a good boy for my sake, and torment no more sea beasts?”

“Will you hold me in your arms and cuddle me again?” asked poor little Tom.

“Of course, I will, you little duck,” said the lovely fairy as she popped a red lollipop into Tom’s mouth.

Tom looked up into her eyes and loved her, and loved till he fell fast asleep from pure love.



If you want to find out what became of Tom, ask your teacher to read to you parts of "The Water Babies" by Charles Kingsley.

Can you tell as much of the story as belongs under each of these parts?

1. How Tom became a water baby.
2. How Tom enjoyed himself in the water.
3. Tom and the old trout.
4. What Tom met on his way to the sea.
5. Tom meets the water babies.
6. What happened when Tom went home with the water babies?

THE GAME OF WHO

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 10. Write the answers for each of the following questions.

WHO?

1. fell asleep in the stream
2. forgot all about his home
3. kept Tom safe from harm
4. teased the water things
5. knocked nearly all the breath out of Tom
6. carried Tom by sleeping villages
7. wore little white bathing dresses
8. mended all the broken sea-weed
9. came out to meet the water babies
10. took Tom in her arms

HOK LEE AND THE DWARFS

This story is about a robber. As you read try to find out what happened to him.

There once lived in a little town in China a man named Hok Lee.

He was a steady man, and worked hard at his trade from early morn till late at night.

He did all the work in the house as well, for he had no wife.

All the people in the town said, "What a good man Hok Lee is, and how hard he works. He never takes a holiday like other people."

But Hok Lee was not as good as his neighbors thought. Indeed, he was a very bad man. Hok Lee was a robber.

At night when all the people were fast asleep, he would steal into rich people's houses and carry off anything he could lay his hands on. And so these things went on for a long time, and Hok Lee became very rich.



The people were very much frightened whenever they heard there was a thief about, but they never thought it was Hok Lee.

One morning, as Hok Lee was going to market, he met a neighbor who said to him:

"Why, Hok Lee, what is the matter with your face? One side of it is all swelled up."

Sure enough, Hok Lee's left cheek was twice the size of his right one. And it hurt him very much.

The people laughed when they saw Hok Lee's fat cheek. It looked so funny.

So he put a piece of flannel around his face. He said, "If I keep my cheek warm, it will soon be better."

But no such thing happened. Next day it was worse, and day by day it grew bigger and bigger. It gave him more pain.

At last it was as big as his head. Hok Lee was at his wit's end to know what to do with it.

His neighbors and all the boys and girls made fun of him. This hurt his feelings very much indeed.

One day, as luck would have it, a very wise doctor came to the town. Hok Lee at once went to see if the doctor could cure his face.

But the doctor shook his head and said:

"Hok Lee, I am afraid you have been doing something wrong. None of my drugs will cure you. But, if you are willing to pay me a lot of money, I will tell you how you may get well."

Then Hok Lee and the doctor began to bargain together. It was a long time before they could agree about the money. However, the doctor got the better part of it in the end.

Hok Lee had to part with nearly all the money he had stolen.

HOK LEE GOES TO SEE THE DWARFS

The doctor told Hok Lee to go to the woods on the first night of the full moon, and to sit under an old oak tree.

“After a time,” said the doctor, “you will see some tiny little people. These are the dwarfs. They live in the trees and under the ground.

“At night when all the people are asleep and the moon is full in the sky, they dance and play in their fairy rings. When they see you, they will ask you to dance, too.

“Mind that you dance your very best. If you dance well and please them, they will cure your cheek. But if you do not dance well and do not please them, they will play a trick on you out of spite.”

Then the doctor said, “Good day, Hok Lee. I hope you will soon be better.”

The first night of the full moon came, and Hok Lee went into the woods all by himself. He found the old oak tree and climbed up into it.

He had hardly settled himself on a branch when he saw the little dwarfs in the moonlight. They came out from under every tree and rock. They danced and they skipped around and around in their fairy rings.



At last one of the dwarfs looked up into the oak tree and saw Hok Lee. Then he cried:

"Some one is up in that oak tree!"

So all the dwarfs called out, "Come down at once, whoever you are, or we will come up after you."

Hok Lee was very much frightened and he began to come down from the tree. But his foot slipped, and he rolled down on the ground in front of the dwarfs.

The dwarf who had seen him first and who seemed to be the leader of the little people said:

"Now then, who are you, and what are you doing here?"

Then Hok Lee said, "Dear little friends, I have come to the forest to beg you to cure my very big cheek."

"Well, we will see about that," said the leader. "First, you must dance before us. If your dancing pleases us, we may be able to cure you. But mind, if your dancing does

not please us, we will surely punish you. So dance away."

With that, the leader and all the dwarfs sat down in a large ring, and left Hok Lee in the middle to dance by himself.

Poor Hok Lee did not feel at all like dancing. He was weak from fright and from his fall out of the tree.

But the dwarfs shouted to him, "Begin, begin!"

So Hok Lee began. First, he hopped on one foot, and then on the other. But he was so stiff and cold that he could not dance.

The dwarfs were very angry when they saw that Hok Lee could not dance. They shouted at him and said:

"You have come with one big cheek, but you shall take two away."

With that, the dwarfs ran off and left Hok Lee.

Hok Lee went home feeling very sad.

When he arose the next morning, his right

cheek was swelled up as big as his left, and he could hardly see out of his eyes.

When he went into the street, his neighbors laughed at him more than ever.

The doctor had disappeared. So there was nothing to do but try the dwarfs once more. Hok Lee waited a month, till the first night of the full moon came around again.



HOK LEE'S SECOND VISIT WITH THE DWARFS

Hok Lee went back to the forest, and this time he sat down under the oak tree as the doctor had told him to do.

Before long the dwarfs came trooping out. When Hok Lee saw them, he came out from under the oak tree and made a low bow to the dwarfs.

The dwarfs laughed and laughed at Hok Lee's two big cheeks, for he did look very funny.

"What do you want this time?" they asked.



Then Hok Lee told the dwarfs all his troubles, and how all the children in the streets made fun of his big cheeks. He begged the dwarfs to cure him, and to let him try once more to please them by dancing.

The dwarfs felt sorry for Hok Lee, and gave their consent to this.

Now Hok Lee began to dance his very best. He danced so well that the dwarfs were quite delighted with him. They clapped their little hands and shouted:

“Well done, Hok Lee, well done. Go on, dance more, for we are well pleased.”

Hok Lee danced on and on, till he could dance no more.

Then the leader of the dwarfs said, “We are well pleased, Hok Lee, and as a reward, your face will be cured. Good night.”

With these words, he and the other dwarfs disappeared.

Hok Lee put his hands up to his face, and found to his great joy that both his cheeks were their right size.

Hok Lee went home very happy. On the way he decided never to steal again.

The next day the whole town was full of the news of Hok Lee's cure. All his neighbors and friends wanted to know how it had all happened. But Hok Lee would not tell them.

He worked very hard at his trade; and after a while, he became rich again.

His money was a great delight to him now, for he had made it honestly.

And so Hok Lee ended his days in peace and happiness.

—*Chinese Fairy Tale.*

Adapted from: Lang—Green Fairy Book.

Lang—The Snowman.



PLAYING THE STORY

This is a good story to play.

How many acts will you have in your play?
Name each act. Have your teacher write the name
of the act on the blackboard as you tell her.

Read the story again to find out how many people
you need in each act.

Can you think of a way to use every child in your
room in this play?

Now play the story.

ACTIONS OF CHARACTERS

Put down the following names on a piece of
paper.

Write under each name a list of the things which
that character did in the story.

You may use your book for this work. See how
many things you can find for each character in the
story of "Hok Lee and the Dwarfs."

Hok Lee

worked hard
did all the work
would steal

The People

The Doctor

The Dwarfs

JACK AND HIS GOLDEN BOX

This is a fairy tale I am sure you will enjoy. A good average reader should read it in about twenty minutes. If you want to be sure that you understand this story after you read it, build an outline of it which contains each part of the story. Have the other pupils in the class help you build the outline. Then re-tell the story part by part.

JACK GOES AWAY FROM HOME

Long ago in a great forest, an old man and an old woman lived all alone with their one son.

Now the son Jack had never seen any other people in all his life. But he knew that there were some more in the world besides his own father and mother because he had lots of books and he used to read every day about them.

One day, when his father was out cutting wood, Jack told his mother that he wished to go out and see the world, and see some other people. He said, "I see nothing at all here

but great trees all around me. If I stay here, maybe I shall go mad before I shall see anything."

"Well, well, my boy," said the old woman, "if you will go, here is a big cake for you. You may get hungry on the road."

So Jack took the cake and started off down the road. Soon he met his father and the old man said:

"Where are you going, my son?"

Then said Jack, "I am going out to see the world, father."

"Well," said his father, "I am sorry to see you go. But if you want to, it is better for you to go."



Then the [unclear] drew out of his pocket a golden box and said to Jack: "Take this little box, Jack. Put it in your pocket and be sure not to [unclear] you are near death."

Away went Jack down the road. He walked till noon time, when he sat down and ate his cake.

When night came, he was very tired and hungry. By and by he saw a light and he walked toward it.

Soon he came to a house. He found the back door and knocked. A maid servant came and asked him what he wanted.

Then said Jack, "Night is on me, and I want to get some place to sleep."

The maid servant called him in to the fire and gave him plenty to eat. As he was eating, in came the young lady of the house. When she saw Jack she loved him, and he loved her. Then the young lady ran to tell her father, saying: "There is a pretty young man in the kitchen."

Immediately the gentleman came and questioned Jack, and asked him what he could do.

JACK PROMISES TO DO ANYTHING

Jack, the silly fellow, said that he could do anything. He meant that he could do any bit of work that would be wanted about the house.

“Well,” said the gentleman to him, “if you can do anything, at eight o’clock in the morning I must have a great lake and some of the largest man-of-war vessels sailing before my house. One of the largest vessels must fire a royal salute, and the last round must break the leg of the bed where my young daughter is sleeping. If you don’t do that, you will lose your life.”

“All right,” said Jack. Then away he went to his bed.

He slept till it was near eight o’clock. He had hardly any time to think what he was to do. All of a sudden he remembered about the



little golden box that his father gave him. He said to himself:

“Surely I was never so near my death as I am now.”

He felt in his pocket and drew out the little box. When he opened it, out hopped three little red men who asked Jack:

“What is your will with us?”

“Well,” said Jack, “I want a great lake and some of the largest man-of-war vessels in the world before this house. I want one of the largest vessels to fire a royal salute, and the last round to break one of the legs of the bed where this young lady is sleeping.”

“Very well,” said the little men. “It shall be done.”

Jack had hardly time to get the words out of his mouth, to tell the little men what to do, when the clock struck eight.

Bang! Bang! went one of the largest war vessels. It made Jack jump out of bed to look through the window. It was a wonderful sight for him to see, after living so long with his father and mother in a wood.

Jack dressed himself and went downstairs laughing. He was proud because the thing was done so well.

The gentleman came to him and said, “Well, my young man, I must say that you are very clever, indeed. Come and have some breakfast.”

While they were eating breakfast, the gentleman said:

“Now there are two more things for you to do, and then you shall have my daughter in marriage. First you must fell all the great

Main
trees for miles around by eight o'clock in the morning."

This Jack did, and it pleased the gentleman well.

Then said the gentleman to Jack, "The last thing you have to do is this. You must get me a great castle standing on twelve golden pillars. Many regiments of soldiers must pass before the castle and go through their drills. At eight o'clock the officer must say, "Shoulder arms."

"It shall be as you say," said Jack.

Sure enough, when the third and last morning came, the third great feat was finished. Then Jack had the young daughter in marriage.

THE HUNTING PARTY

But this is not the end of the story. There is more to come yet.

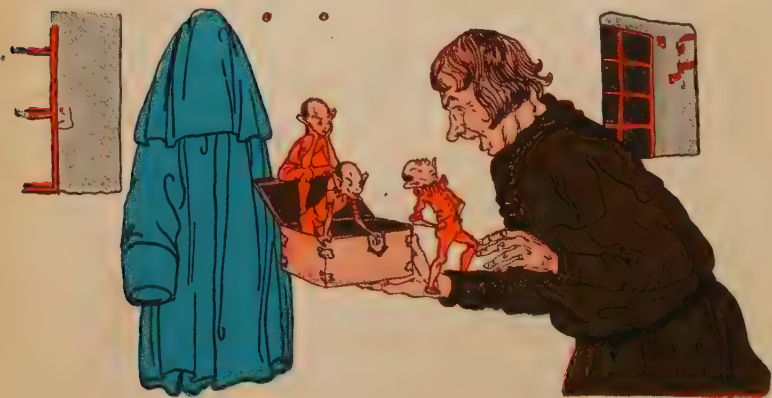
The gentleman now made a large hunting

party and invited all the gentlemen around the country to it.

Jack rode a beautiful black horse and wore a scarlet coat in the hunt.

After the gentleman and all his guests had left for the hunt, a servant was hanging up Jack's clothes. He put his hand in one of Jack's pockets and pulled out the little golden box which Jack had left behind by mistake.

The servant was curious to know what might be in the box, so he opened it. Out hopped the three little red men and asked him what he wanted with them.



“Well,” said the servant to them, “I want this castle moved far across the sea.”

“All right,” said the little red men, “do you wish to go with it?”

“Yes,” said he.

“Well, get ready,” said they to him; and away they went far over the great sea.

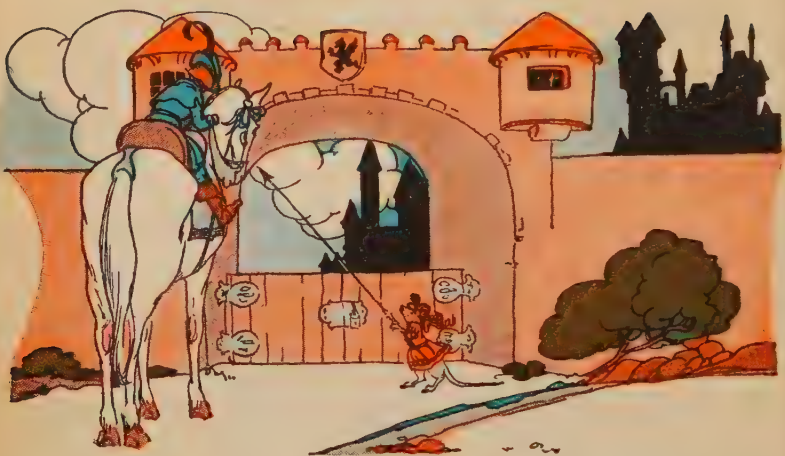
Now when the grand hunting party came back and when the gentleman discovered that the castle upon the twelve golden pillars had disappeared, he threatened to take Jack’s beautiful young wife away from him.

Jack begged the gentleman to give him twelve months and a day to look for the castle.

So poor Jack started in search of his missing castle. He traveled over hills and valleys and through deep woods and dark forests.

At last he came to the place where lived the King of all the little mice in the world.

One of the little mice was on guard at the front gate going up to the palace, and he tried to stop Jack from going in.



Jack said to the little mouse, "Where does the King live? I should like to see him."

Then the little mouse took Jack to the King. Jack told the King his story, how he had lost the great castle, and how he had twelve months and a day to find it. Then Jack asked the King whether he knew anything about it.

"No," said the King, "but I am King of all the little mice in the world, and I will call them all up in the morning. Maybe they have seen your castle."

Jack had a good supper and went to bed. In the morning he and the King went out in the fields where the King called all the mice together. Jack never saw so many mice. They came from every barn, hole, field, and cellar. The King asked them whether they had seen the great beautiful castle standing on golden pillars.

All the little mice said, "No." Not one of them had seen it.

Then the old King said to Jack:

"I have two other brothers. One is King of all the frogs; and my other brother, who is the oldest, is King of all the birds in the world. If you will go to them, perhaps they will know something about the missing castle. Leave your horse here with me till you come back, and take one of my best horses. Give this cake to my brother. He will know then whom you got it from. Tell him I am well, and should like dearly to see him. Good-bye." Then the King and Jack shook hands.

JACK HUNTS THE MISSING CASTLE

As Jack went through the gate, the little mouse on guard asked to go along.

"No," said Jack, "I shall get myself into trouble with the King."

But the mouse said, "It will be better for you to let me go with you. Maybe I shall do some good for you sometime without you knowing it."

"Jump up, then," said Jack.

The little mouse ran up the horse's leg and made it dance. Jack put the mouse into his pocket and trudged on his way.

He traveled for many days. At last he found the castle of the king of the frogs.

There on guard at the gate with a gun on his shoulder was one of the frogs. He tried to stop Jack from going in. But when Jack told him he wanted to see the King, he allowed him to pass.

Jack went up to the castle door. The King

came out and asked him his business. Jack told him all from beginning to end.

“Well, well,” said the King. “Come in and spend the night with me.”

Early the next morning, the King made a queer sound and called together all the frogs in the world. Then he asked them, did they know or see anything of a castle that stood upon twelve golden pillars.

But the frogs all croaked, “No.”

Then Jack took another horse and a cake and set out to the King of all the fowls of the air.

As Jack was going through the gates, the little frog that was on sentry asked to go with him. Jack refused him for a bit, but at last he told him to jump up. Then Jack put him in his other coat pocket.

Away Jack went on his great long journey. He traveled three times as far this time before he found the castle of the oldest brother.

There at the gates was a fine bird on guard.

Jack passed him without trouble and went straight to the King. He talked with the King, and told him everything about the missing castle.

“Well,” said the King to him, “you shall know in the morning from my birds whether they know anything or not.”

Jack put his horse in the stable; and after having something to eat went to bed.

The next morning he went out with the King into the fields. The King made a funny noise. Soon the sky was black with birds. There came all the fowls that were in all the world. Then the King asked them:

“Did any of you see the fine castle standing on twelve golden pillars?”

All the birds answered, “No.”

Then the King said, “Where is the great bird?”

No one had seen the eagle.

THE EAGLE HELPS THEM FIND THE MISSING CASTLE

The King sent two little birds high up in the sky to whistle to him to hurry. They had to wait a long time for the eagle to make his appearance. When at last he arrived the King asked the great bird:

"In your travels did you see the great castle upon twelve golden pillars?"

"Yes," replied the eagle, "I came from there now."

"Well," said the King, "this young gentleman has lost it. You must go back to it with him. But stop till you get something to eat."

They killed a calf and sent the best part of it to feed the eagle on his journey over the seas. Then with Jack on his back, the eagle set out. They traveled across the sea for seven days and seven nights. On the morning of the eighth day they came in sight of the castle.



Now they had found the castle, but they did not know how to get the little golden box.

They thought and thought. At last the little mouse peeped out of Jack's pocket and said:

"Let me down and I will get the box for you."

So the eagle flew down to the great steps. The little mouse stole into the castle and got hold of the box. As he was coming down the stairs, he fell down with the box and was very near being caught. He was all out of breath as he came running out with it.

"Did you get the golden box?" cried Jack.

"Yes," replied the little mouse.

Jack seized the mouse and the golden box and put both into his pocket. Off they went again, and left the castle behind.

As they were flying over the great sea, Jack, the mouse, the frog, and the eagle all fell to quarreling about who it was that got the little box. By looking at it and passing it from one hand to the other, they dropped the golden box to the bottom of the sea.

"Well, well," said the frog, "I knew that I would have to do something. Let me down into the water."

The eagle flew low and the frog dived into the sea. He was down there for three days and three nights. At last he came up, and showed his nose and little mouth out of the water.

At once Jack, the mouse, and the eagle asked him, "Did you get it?"

"No," said he.



“Well, what are you doing up here?” asked they.

“Nothing at all,” replied the frog, “I came up to get my breath.”

Then the poor little frog went down the second time. He was down for a day and a night, but on the second morning he came up with the little box.

Away they went, after being there four days and four nights. Over seas and mountains the eagle flew till he brought them back to the palace of the old King, who was master of all the birds in the world.

The King was glad to see them, and gave them a hearty welcome.

Jack opened the little box and told the three little red men to go back and bring the castle with the golden pillars there to him.

The three little red men went off in a great hurry. When they came near the castle, they were afraid to go near till the gentleman and lady and all the servants were gone out to a dance. Then they ran off with the castle at full speed.

At length, after a merry journey they came again to Jack and the King.

Now Jack's time of twelve months and a day was almost gone. Besides he wished to go home to his young wife. So he gave orders to the three little men to get ready by eight o'clock the next morning to be off on the journey to the next brother.

After thanking the King of all the birds of the air for his kindness, away went Jack and his castle again.



They stopped one night with the King of all the frogs. Then away they went again to the youngest brother, the master of all the mice in the world.

Jack shook hands with the King, and returned many thanks to him for his help in finding the castle.

Then Jack told the little red men to spur up and put on speed. So off they went towards home.

It was not long before they reached their journey's end. Out came the young wife to meet Jack, and they all lived happily ever afterward.

—*Jacob's English Fairy Tales.*

WHAT HAPPENED IN THIS STORY

Seven big things happened in this story.

Make a list of these happenings. Write the list on the blackboard. Think of a short name for each thing which happened.

Now take turns and tell all you can remember about each happening.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

WORDS THAT MEAN THE SAME

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 20.

Find the word in each line which means the same as the first word of that line.

Write this word on your paper to the right of the line number.

1. frightened	afraid	angry	guard
2. huge	deep	great	wide
3. teased	tormented	asleep	awoke
4. delighted	sad	pleased	clever
5. handsome	wonderful	busy	beautiful
6. lady	woman	servant	castle
7. lovely	softest	pretty	fowls
8. creatures	beasts	storm	rocks
9. robber	officers	soldiers	thief
10. tiny	little	pleasant	busy
11. forest	earth	ground	woods
12. guard	finished	sentry	lonely
13. center	middle	narrow	side
14. strange	strong	queer	weak
15. vessels	body	ships	flags
16. journey	travel	proud	stiff
17. search	evening	hunt	morning
18. thief	wife	neighbor	robber
19. scarlet	blue	red	golden
20. gentleman	man	lady	girl

Score equals the number right.

THE LITTLE LION WITH THE BIG VOICE

This story tells how a little lion with a big voice frightened all the animals in a great forest. At last the little lion put his voice to a good use. Find out what the little lion did.

Once, in a great forest, there lived a whole family of lions. Now, the oldest of the little lions—Jager was his name—gave his father and mother a great deal of trouble. What do you think? Jager believed he had a musical voice. He would go out at all times of the day and night, roaming the forest singing, as he called it. But the fact is, he had the most awful voice you ever heard. It was a terrible roar and a howl, and it was so loud that he could be heard for miles and miles.

Now, the other animals in the forest would be so mad when they heard this frightful sound that they used to jump out of their dens and chase him. He would only roar the more at that. When the other animals would



howl, too, with rage, there would be the most terrible racket in the forest. All the baby animals woke up and began to cry, and, really, the noise was most distressing.

“We can’t stand it any longer,” said the porcupine one day.

“No, indeed,” answered the fox. “I’d stop his noise if I once had a chance at him.”

So they went to the den of the father and mother lion, and told them that if they didn’t do something to hush up Jager, all the animals of the forest would chase out the entire family.

It was most inconvenient for the family to travel, for all Jager’s brothers and sisters were

young and troublesome. So the father lion said that night, when Jager came walking into the den, his tail up straight, and a grin on his face:

“Jager, all the creatures have had enough of your voice.” Then he told what the animals had made up their minds to do.

Jager lashed his tail and opened his mouth to give a roar, when the father lion clapped his paw over his mouth.

“Didn’t I tell you the animals have said, ‘One more roar, and we will chase him’?”

“Well, I shall leave this forest tonight,” said Jager. “I’ll travel and travel until I find some one who does like my voice.”

“You will have to travel on forever, then,” said one of the brother lions who was listening.

JAGER LEAVES HOME

Jager paid no attention to him, but marched out of the den and through the forest. When

he came near to the hyena's den, he said to himself:

"I'll give one little roar to wake up those cross hyena babies, for they are just too disagreeable for anything."

Jager opened his mouth and let out his voice. My! My! I tell you, he had to hurry. The animals leaped out from behind the bushes and chased him. He had to run for his very life. They all chased and chased through the forest till they came to a river.



Jager jumped in, and all the animals who could swim jumped in after him. The fish were most astonished to see such a crowd of animals leap into the river in a hurry. They thought the animals had become terribly fond of swimming, all at once.

When Jager reached the other side he was about worn out, but he scrambled out and laid himself down in a den in the rocks. Peeking out with one eye, he saw the animals hunting for him, and he heard one say:

“He must have been eaten by a shark in the river.”

They all were so afraid that they might be eaten by a shark on the way back that they decided to go home another way.

Jager poked his head all the way out of his hiding place and laughed to himself to see all taking the longest way home, when they were so tired that they could hardly hold up their heads.

Well, Jager himself was so tired with the

chase that he slept in the den that night and the next day. When he woke up at last, he felt fine, and started out once more on his journey.

THE GIANT OGRE

By and by he came to a big mountain, and up it he climbed. On the top was a big castle, and into it he walked to see what he could see.

Now, in this castle there lived all alone, a giant ogre. He was not so bad an ogre as some. But still he was frightful to look upon, and the people in the country at the bottom of the mountain were afraid of him.

Jager walked right in. There, on a table, fast asleep, was the ogre!



“My! My!” said Jager. “I’d like to let out my voice all at once just for the fun of seeing him jump.” So he crept up to the ogre closer and closer. When his nose was right up to the ogre’s ear, he gave a most terrible roar.

Well, that ogre leaped off the table at one bound, and stood in the corner of the room, rubbing his ear.

“Did you hear that terrible noise?” said he to Jager. “It sounded like thunder, or as if all the animals in the forest were yelling their very loudest.”

“You don’t say,” remarked Jager, grinning behind his paw. “Would you like to hear it again?”

“If you know what that noise was, tell me at once,” said the ogre. “Who are you, anyway, and what are you doing in my castle? Tell me, what was that noise; or I’ll twist your tail.” Then he seized it and gave it a terrible tweak.



“Let go and I’ll tell you,” said Jager. He thought he would just let that ogre know that he was no animal to be snubbed in that way, so he said:

“Put down your ear so I can whisper what it was.”

The ogre put down his ear, and Jager gave a roar into it so loud that the ogre leaped right up into the air.

"Don't do it again," shouted he, when he saw Jager open his mouth for another—"not until I am a hundred miles off."

"Well," said Jager, "I have rather an unusual voice."

"I should think so!" said the ogre. "If you'll promise you won't make such a noise right away, I'll tell you something."

Jager promised, and the ogre came out and sat down beside him. "I know how your voice could be put to a very good use," said he to the little lion.

"That's just what I came traveling to find," said Jager.

The ogre began to laugh. "Here," said he, "here is a great plan. Tomorrow a big army of savages are coming to kill and ravage about this country. You and I will just go out and meet them. If you give a roar like that, and they do not know what it is, I'm sure they'll turn and run as fast as they can go!"

"That is a fine idea," said Jager, "for,

really, I can make a noise twice as loud and awful as the one I have just made. You listen to me now."

But the ogre ran for the door as fast as he could go.

"Wait till I get a mile or two away," said he, "before you begin."

So Jager waited, and that afternoon he practiced and practiced till his voice was terrible to hear.

JAGER AND THE OGRE MEET THE SAVAGES

The next day Jager and the ogre started out. Far off, in the distance, they saw the savages coming. The savages saw the ogre and Jager, but thought they could easily finish them.

They didn't know, did they?

On they came, rushing, terrible to see.

The ogre swung his club, and Jager lashed his tail, and laughed to himself.

“When I say ‘three’,” said the ogre, “you roar and make the biggest noise you can, and I will rush at them, and we will see what will happen. I am going to begin now. One—”

Jager took in a big breath.

“Two—”

Jager opened his mouth.

“Three!”



Jager roared—a roar so loud and terrible that the savages fell down in a heap with fright. When they saw the ogre coming at them, swinging his club, and heard another terrible sound, more frightful than the first, they took to their heels, and did not stop to look behind until they had reached their own homes. What's more, they never tried to ravage and kill in the country again, for they believed it to be protected by some frightful monster.

As for the ogre and Jager, the people in the country were so thankful for their protection that they gave them many presents. And the ogre and Jager lived happy ever after in the castle on the mountain.

Every evening Jager sat on a rock on the very tiptop and practiced his voice, until it grew into something most astonishing.

—Told by Anna Isabel Lyman from "*Lion and Tiger Stories.*"
Copyright by The Century Company.

Into how many parts can you divide this story?
One child may read aloud the first part of the story.

The other children may question him about what he has read.

Do the same for each part.

ACTIONS OF CHARACTERS

Put down the following names on a piece of paper.

Write under each name a list of the things which the character did in the story.

You may use your book for this work. See how many things you can find for each character in the story of "The Little Lion with the Big Voice."

Jager

Other Animals

Father Lion

The Ogre

The Savages

THE BRAVE LITTLE BOWMAN

Once upon a time there was a little man with a crooked back who was called the little bowman because he used his bow and arrow so very well.

This crooked little man said to himself: "I go to the king and ask him to let me join his army, he's sure to ask what a little man like me is good for. I must find some great big man who will take me as his page, and ask the king to take us." So the little bowman went about the city looking for a big man.

One day he saw a big, strong man digging a ditch. "What makes a fine big man like you do such work?" asked the little man.

"I do this work because I can earn a living in no other way," said the big man.

"Dig no more," said the bowman. "There is in this whole country no such bowman as I

am; but no king would let me join his army because I am such a little man. I want you to ask the king to let you join the army. He will take you because you are big and strong. I will do the work that you are given to do, and we will divide the pay. In this way we shall both of us earn a good living. Will you come with me and do as I tell you?" asked the little bowman.

"Yes, I will go with you," said the big man. So together they set out to go to the king. By and by they came to the gates of the palace and sent word to the king what a wonderful bowman was there. The king sent for the bowman to come before him. Both the big man and the little man went in and, bowing, stood before the king.

The king looked at the big man and asked, "What brings you here?"

"I want to be in your army," said the big man.



“Who is the little man with you?” asked the king.

“He is my page,” said the big man.

“What pay do you want?” asked the king.

“A thousand pieces a month for me and my page, O King,” said the big man.

“I will take you and your page,” said the king.

THE KING'S ARMY

So the big man and the little bowman joined the king's army.

Now in those days there was a tiger in the

forest who had carried off many people. The king sent for the big man and told him to kill that tiger.

The big man told the little bowman what the king said. They went into the forest together, and soon the little bowman shot the tiger.

The king was glad to be rid of the tiger, and gave the big man rich gifts and praised him.

Another day word came that a buffalo was running up and down a certain road. The king told the big man to go and kill that buffalo. When they both went back to the king, he gave a bag of money to the big man.

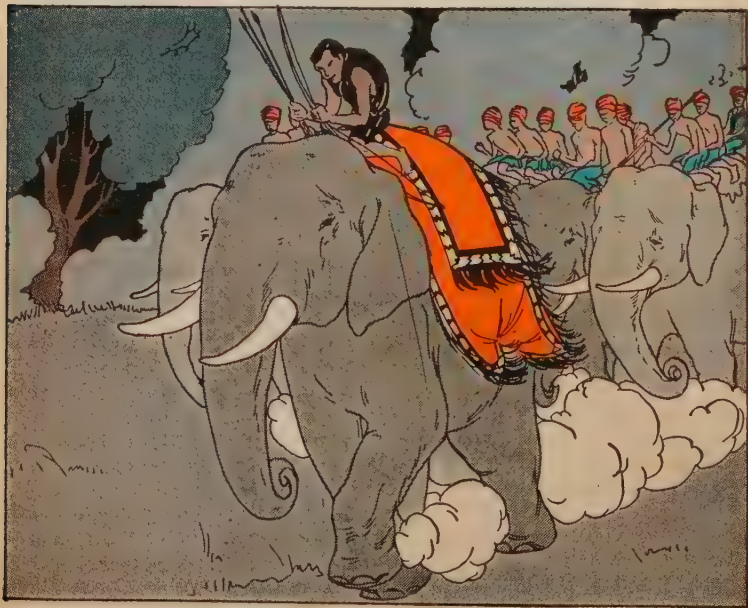
The king and all the people praised the big man, and so one day the big man said to the little man: "I can get on without you. Do you think there's no bowman but yourself?" Many other harsh and unkind things did he say to the little man.

A few days later a king from a far country marched upon the city and sent a message

to its king, saying, "Give up your country, or do battle."

The king at once sent his army. The big man was armed and mounted on a war-elephant. But the little bowman knew that the big man could not shoot, so he took his bow and seated himself behind the big man.

Then the war-elephant, at the head of the army, went out of the city. At the first beat of the drums, the big man shook with fear.



“Hold on tight,” said the little bowman. “If you fall off now, you will be killed. You need not be afraid; I am here.”

But the big man was so afraid that he slipped down off the war-elephant’s back and ran back to the city. He did not stop until he reached his home.

“And now to win!” said the little bowman, as he drove the war-elephant into the fight. The army broke into the camp of the king that came from afar, and drove him back to his own country. Then the little bowman led the army back into the city. The king and all the people called him “the brave little bowman.” The king made him the chief of the army, giving him rich gifts.

—From “*More Jataka Tales.*” Retold by Ellen C. Babbitt.
The Century Company.



Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 9.

By each number write the letter (a, b, or c) of the word or sentence which answers the question.

1. Why was the little man called the wise little bowman?
 - a. Because he knew everything.
 - b. Because he used his bow and arrow so well.
 - c. Because he was the king's chief man.
2. Why did the little bowman look for a big man?
 - a. To become the big man's page in the king's army.
 - b. To fight the big man.
 - c. To get the big man to go with him to the king.
3. What animal carried off many of the king's people?
 - a. A tiger.
 - b. A lion.
 - c. An elephant.
4. Who killed the tiger?
 - a. One of the king's soldiers.
 - b. The little bowman.
 - c. The big man.
5. What other animal did the little bowman kill?
 - a. A lion.
 - b. An elephant.
 - c. A buffalo.

6. Whom did the king send to fight against the other king?
 - a. His army.
 - b. Ten strong men.
 - c. The little bowman.
7. When the battle began, what did the big man do?
 - a. He killed ten men.
 - b. He hid behind the little bowman.
 - c. He ran back to the city.
8. What did the little bowman do?
 - a. He went with the big man.
 - b. He ran away.
 - c. He rode the war elephant into the fight.
9. What did the king do for the brave little bowman?
 - a. Made him king.
 - b. Made him chief of the army.
 - c. Gave him half of the kingdom.

Score equals the number right.

CROSSING OUT GAME

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 15.
Some word does not belong in each of the following lists of words as *babies* in list 1 on page 86. Find the word which does not belong in each list and write it on your paper.

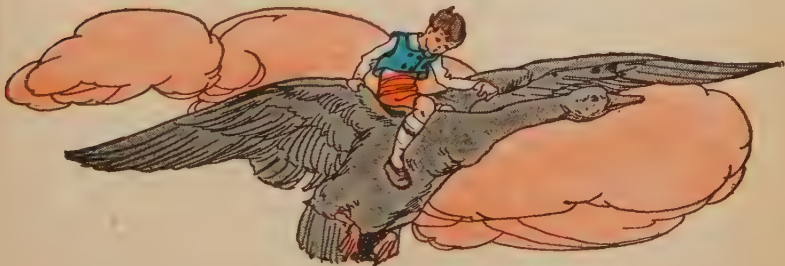
1	2	3
brook	brother	monkeys
stream	wife	squirrels
river	summer	branches
babies	daughter	elephants
4	5	6
village	creatures	trout
town	animals	fish
second	window	body
city	beasts	shark
7	8	9
dwarfs	cheek	hundreds
fairy	foot	twelve
corner	face	family
ogre	rich	thousand
10	11	12
hills	ship	first
valleys	gentleman	third
mountains	vessel	bad
army	boat	eighth
13	14	15
noise	year	page
tight	month	king
roar	day	gift
howl	creature	officer

Score equals the number right.

GLIMMINGE CASTLE

Here is a good story you will enjoy reading silently just as you read a library book.

As you read, try to find out how the little elf helped the black rats to hold Glimminge Castle against the gray rats.



A BOY IS CHANGED INTO A LITTLE ELF

Two big gray rats met in the courtyard of an old, old castle.

“Good evening, Gray Whiskers,” said the younger rat. “Are you at home again? What

kind of a time did you have on board the ship?"

"Thank you, Long Tail," replied the older rat. "I had a very pleasant time. Has anything out of the ordinary happened here at home while I was away?"

"Oh, yes; haven't you heard?" answered the younger rat. "A wonderful thing has happened! A boy has been changed by the elf-king into an elf no bigger than a squirrel. Now the little elf is on his way to Lapland with a tame white goose."

"That is a remarkable bit of news, a remarkable bit of news," said Old Gray Whiskers. "Have you seen him, Long Tail? What is his name?"

"Early in the morning, if you will go up in the church tower and look down in the meadow near Vomb Lake, you will see a flock of wild geese flying around. It is old Akka, the wild goose and her flock. In the flock are

thirteen wild geese, all gray, and one large white tame goosey-gander, who carries on his back a tiny lad dressed in yellow breeches, blue vest, white woolen cap and tiny wooden shoes. This is the little elf, and they call him Thumbietot."

"Can he never be human again?" asked the old rat.

"Yes," replied Long Tail. "The elf-king said that if Thumbietot watches over the white goosey-gander and brings him back home safe and sound he will turn the little elf back to a boy."

"Do you know any other news?" asked Gray Whiskers.

"Yes, I almost forgot to tell you," said Long Tail. "The farmers are using Glimminge Castle for a grain storehouse. So tonight, the gray rats are planning to take Glimminge Castle from our old enemies, the black rats. Since you have been gone, we have driven

them from every cellar, every attic, every cow-house and barn, every flour-mill, every church and castle in all the country. They have not been able to hold for themselves a single place except Glimminge Castle."

"But you will never be able to storm Glimminge Castle," said Gray Whiskers. "As you know, night after night, and year after year, the gray rats have tried to take Glimminge Castle. They have watched for every chance to capture it. The walls are so thick and there are such a few rat passages that you will not be able to crowd in."

"But I have come here this morning to find out all the secret passages," answered Long Tail. "It will be easy to capture the castle, for not a human being lives there now. A stork and his wife have a large nest on the roof. In a nest in the attic lives a pair of gray owls. In the secret passages hang bats; in the kitchen an old cat has her home, and down in the cellar live hundreds of black rats.

“Last night all the black rats went over to Kullaberg to the great crane dance to be held there tomorrow.

“Now that we have so increased in number and the black rats are gone, we shall have no trouble. Will you help us, Gray Whiskers?”

“To be sure,” answered Gray Whiskers.

“Then meet us near the stone hedge down in the meadow this evening, for we shall gather our army there,” said Long Tail.

With this, each rat went his own way.



THE STORK

Early one morning, old Akka and her flock of wild geese, who were standing asleep on the ice in Vomb Lake, were awakened by long calls from the air.

“Trianut, the crane, sends greetings to

Akka, the wild goose, and her flock. Tomorrow will be the day of the great crane dance on Kullaberg.”

Old Akka raised her head and answered at once.

“Greetings and thanks! Greetings and thanks!”

With that, the cranes flew away, and the wild geese heard them for a long while. They called out over every field and every wooded hill.



“Trianut sends greetings. Tomorrow will be the day of the great crane dance on Kullaberg.”

The wild geese were very happy over this invitation.

“You are in luck,” they said to the tame white goosey-gander, “to be permitted to attend the great crane dance on Kullaberg!”

“Is it so remarkable to see cranes dance?” asked the goosey-gander.

“It is something that you have never even dreamed about!” replied the wild geese.

“Now we must think out what we shall do with Thumbietot tomorrow, so that no harm may come to him, while we run over to Kullaberg,” said Akka.

“Thumbietot shall not be left alone!” said goosey-gander. “If the cranes won’t let him see their dance, then I’ll stay with him.”

“No human being has ever been permitted to attend the animal meeting at Kullaberg,”

said Akka, "and I shouldn't dare to take Thumbietot along. But we shall talk about this later in the day. Now, we must first think about getting something to eat."

With that, Akka led her flock to the swampy meadows just south of Glimminge Castle.

All that day Thumbietot, the little elf, sat on the shores of the little pond, and blew on reed-pipes.

He was all out of sorts because he couldn't see the crane dance. He wouldn't say a word to goosey-gander or to any of the others.

When a boy had given up being a human being just to travel around with a few wild geese, they surely ought to let him see all the wonders they could show him.

"I'll have to speak my mind right out to them," thought he.

But hour after hour passed. Still he hadn't come round to it. The boy felt it was not easy to pit his will against that of the old leader goose.

On one side of the swampy meadow, where the wild geese fed, there was a broad stone hedge.

Toward evening, Thumbietot happened to look toward the hedge. He gave a little cry of surprise.

Instantly, the wild geese looked up and stared in the same direction.

At first, both the boy and the geese thought that all the round gray stones in the hedge had legs, and were starting on a run.



A COMPANY OF RATS

But soon, they saw that it was a company of rats who ran over it. They moved very quickly and ran forward, line upon line. There were so many of them that, for some time, they covered the whole stone hedge.

Now, the boy had been afraid of rats, even when he was a big, strong human being. What must his feelings be now, when he was so tiny that two or three of them could overcome him? He shivered as he stood and stared at them.

"Such a lot of gray rats does not look well," said old Akka, when they were gone.

Suddenly a big bird came down in the midst of the geese.

He seemed to have borrowed his body, neck, and head from a little white goose. But he had large black wings, long red legs, and a thick bill, which was too large for the little head.

Akka at once bowed before the stork.

Then the stork suddenly asked the geese if they had seen the gray rats who were marching toward Glimminge Castle.

Then he began to tell about the brave black rats who, for years, had watched and guarded the castle.

"But this night, Glimminge Castle will fall into the gray rats' power," sighed the Stork.

"But why just this night, Herr Ermenrich?" asked Akka.

"Well, because nearly all the black rats went over to Kullaberg last night," said the stork. "They thought it safe to go because they counted on the rest of the animals also hurrying there. But you see that the gray rats have stayed at home. Now they are getting ready to storm the castle tonight. It will be defended by only a few old creatures who are too feeble to make the long journey to Kullaberg. I have lived in peace with the

black rats for so many years, that it does not please me to see their enemies capture their stronghold.”

“How do you know all this, Herr Ermenrich?” asked old Akka.

“I heard a young gray rat, who had come to Glimminge Castle as a spy, talking to another gray rat in the courtyard this morning. The gray rats have made all plans for taking the castle, and they will have no trouble.”

“Have you sent word to the black rats, Herr Ermenrich?” asked Akka.

“No,” replied the stork, “that wouldn’t do any good. Before they can get back, the castle will be taken.” Then the stork sighed again.

Old Akka called Iksi, and told him to take the wild geese back to Vomb Lake.

“I shall take Thumbietot with me to Glimminge Castle. I am sure he can help the black rats. He has an elf’s eyesight and can see in the dark.”

When the boy heard what Akka said, he raised himself from the ground and stepped forward. His hands were behind him and his nose was in the air. He intended to say that he did not wish to take a hand in a fight with gray rats. She must look to some one else for help.



But the instant the boy was seen, the stork began to move. He had been standing as storks usually stand, with head bent downward and the bill pressed against the neck. But now a queer sound was heard deep down in his throat, as though he would have laughed.

Quick as a flash, he grabbed the boy in his bill and tossed him high up in the air. This he did seven times.

The boy screamed and the geese shouted:

“What are you trying to do, Herr Ermenrich? That is not a frog. That is a human being, Herr.”

THE STORK FLIES TO GLIMMINGE

At last, the stork put the boy down unhurt. Then he said to Akka:

“I’ll fly back to Glimminge Castle, now, Mother Akka. All who live there were very much troubled when I left. You may be sure they will be glad when I tell them that Akka,

the wild goose, and Thumbietot, the human elf, are on their way to help them. Good-bye."

With that, the stork raised his wings and darted off like an arrow.

Old Akka understood that he was making fun of her, but she didn't let it bother her.

She waited until Thumbietot had found his little wooden shoes, which the stork had shaken off. Then she put him on her back and followed the stork.

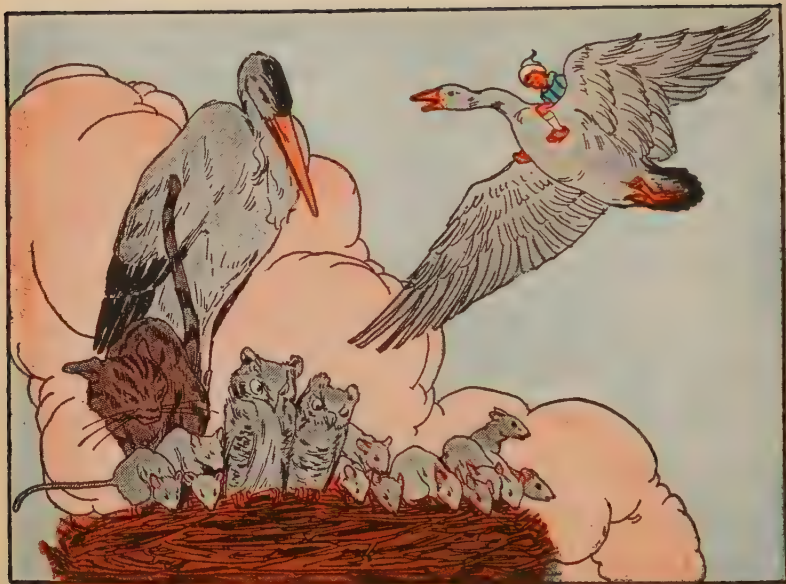
The boy said not a word about not wanting to go along. He was so angry with the stork, that he sat and pouted.

He said to Akka:

"That long red-legged thing believes I am of no account just because I am little. But I will show him what kind of man I am."

A few minutes later Akka stood in the stork's nest at Glimminge Castle. It was a fine large nest. The nest was so old that many shrubs and plants had taken root up there.

Both Akka and the boy saw immediately



that something unusual was going on here.

On the edge of the stork-nest sat two gray owls, an old gray-streaked cat, and a dozen old rats.

Not one of them turned around to look at Akka, or to bid her welcome. They did nothing but sit and stare at some long, gray lines which came in sight, here and there, down on the meadows.

All the old black rats were silent. They knew they could neither save themselves or the castle.

The two owls sat and rolled their big eyes. The father owl said:

“Now, we shall have to move away from our nest. I have heard that gray rats spare neither eggs nor baby birds.”

The old gray-streaked cat fussed and fussed. He said, “I know those gray rats will bite me to death, since they are coming into the castle in such great numbers.”

Then he scolded the black rats, saying, “How could you be so silly as to let your best fighters go away? You know you cannot trust the gray rats. You are old enough to know better.”

The twelve black rats did not say a word. But the stork could not help but tease the cat.

“Don’t worry so, Mousie house-cat!” said he. “Can’t you see that Mother Akka and

Thumbietot have come to save the castle? Now I must stand up and sleep. Tomorrow when I awaken, there won't be a single rat in Glimminge Castle."

The boy winked at Akka.

Then, as the stork stood on the very edge of the nest, asleep, with one leg drawn up, Thumbietot started to push him down to the ground. But Akka stopped him.

Then old Akka said:

"If one who is as old as I am, could not get out of worse trouble than this, then it would be time to give up. If only Mr. and Mrs. Owl, who can stay awake all night, will fly off with some messages for me, I think all will go well."

Both owls were willing.

Then Akka said to Mr. Owl:

"Go find the black rats and tell them to hurry home immediately."

Akka sent Mrs. Owl to Flammea, the steeple owl. But no one knew what Akka wanted, for she whispered that to Mrs. Owl.

THE RAT CHARMER

It was just about midnight, when the gray rats found an open air-hole in the cellar of Glimminge Castle. This hole was pretty high up in the wall. But the rats got up on one another's shoulders, and it wasn't long before their leader sat in the air-hole, ready to enter Glimminge Castle.

The gray rat sat still for a moment and listened. He waited for an attack from within. He knew the black rats were away but he thought the few who were left in the castle would carry on the fight.

Everything was quiet. Then the leader jumped down into the black cellar. One after another, the gray rats followed the leader. They all kept very quiet.

When the cellar floor was filled with rats, the rat leader started to the upper floors.

They had no trouble in finding their way. They soon found the passages in the walls

which the black rats used to get to the upper floors.

When they reached the first floor, they stopped again to listen. Where were the black rats? Then they began to search for them in the empty rooms.

They ran up in the fireplace, which stood on the floor in the old castle kitchen. They peeped in every hole. But not a black rat did they find.

Then the rats smelled the grain, which was stored in great bins on the floor. But it was not as yet time to begin to enjoy it.

On up through the walls they climbed to the second floor. But still they found no black rats.

On they went to the third story, and through all the cold empty rooms.

They even climbed to the upper story, which had but one big room.

The only place they did not think of exploring was the big stork-nest on the roof.

Just at that time, Mrs. Owl awakened Akka and told her that Flammea, the steeple owl, had sent her the thing she wished for.

After the gray rats had inspected the whole castle, they were no longer afraid. They decided that the black rats had left their stronghold and did not intend to make a fight.

Then they ran as fast as they could for the grain bins.

But the gray rats had hardly swallowed the first wheat grains, before the sound of a shrill pipe was heard from the yard.

The gray rats raised their heads and listened. They ran a few steps as if they intended to leave the bin. Then they turned back and began to eat once more.

Again the pipe sounded a sharp note.

And now—something wonderful happened.

One rat, two rats,—yes, a whole lot of rats left the grain, jumped from the bins, and hurried down cellar to get out of the house.

Still there were many gray rats left. These thought of all the trouble it had cost them to win Glimminge Castle, and they did not want to leave it.

But again they caught the tones of the pipe, and they had to follow. They rushed out of the bins, slid down through the narrow holes in the walls, and tumbled over each other to get out.

THUMBIETOT BLOWS A PIPE

In the middle of the courtyard stood a tiny creature, who blew upon a pipe! All around him, he had a whole circle of rats who listened to him; and every moment brought more.

When the tiny creature had played all the rats out of Glimminge Castle, he began to walk slowly from the courtyard and down the road.

All the gray rats followed him, because the tones from the pipe sounded so sweet to their ears that they could not resist them.



The tiny creature walked before them on and on, down the road. He led them on through hedges and down into ditches. Wherever he went, they had to follow.

The rats wondered where the boy got his sweet sounding pipe which appeared to be made from an animal's horn. But the horn was so small that, in those days, there were no animals from whose forehead it could have been broken.

The rats wondered, too, who had made it. But that no one knew. Flammea, the steeple-owl, had found it in an old castle. Flammea and Akka thought that this was the kind of a horn that was used long ago to get rid of rats and mice. So Akka had sent Mrs. Owl to ask Flammea for the pipe.

And it was true that the rats could not resist the pipe.

The boy walked before them and played as long as the starlight lasted, and all the while they followed him.

He played up to the time the sun began to rise, and the whole army of gray rats followed him and were led farther and farther away from the big grain bins at Glimminge Castle.

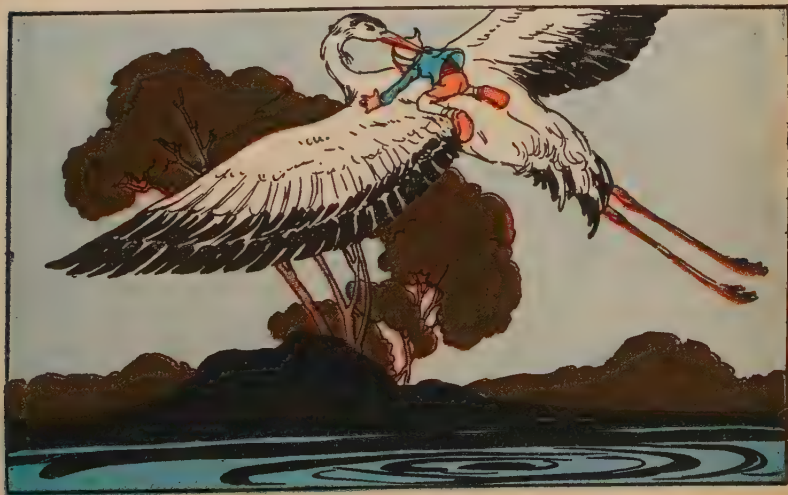
Just as the sun came up, Mr. Owl and the black rats reached home.

Then Akka set out to look for Thumbietot, for now there was no longer any danger in letting the steeple-owl's pipe be hushed.

But it was not Akka who found the boy.

Herr Ermenrich, the stork, had also gone out to look for him. He sank down quickly over Thumbietot and picked him up by the shirt-band and carried him along. Then Herr Ermenrich made a long sweep with his neck and seated the boy on his smooth downy back.

Away they flew up to the stork's nest. There the stork begged Thumbietot to forgive him for having treated him with disrespect the evening before.



This pleased the boy very much, and the stork and he became good friends.

Old Akka praised the boy again and again, because he had helped those who were in trouble. But Thumbietot did not want praise that he did not deserve.

“No, Mother Akka, you must not think that I led the gray rats away to help the black rats. I only wanted to show Herr Ermenrich that I was good for something.”

Then Akka turned to the stork and asked if he thought it wise to take Thumbietot along to Kullaberg.

The stork said at once:

“Certainly you shall take Thumbietot along to Kullaberg, Mother Akka. I will carry him on my back, all the way to the meeting place.”

So the little elf went to Kullaberg riding stork-back.

—Lagerlof, “*The Wonderful Adventures of Nils.*”

Read more about Thun
ful Adventures of Nils" l
lished by Doubleday, Page.

This is a story that can be
What would the first act be
Where would the second act
What would be the princip
third act?

Who would be the chief chara
Your teacher will assign parts.
which part is yours, re-read the story
be sure to know what to do and say.

Can you think of a way by which
your room can take part in this play?

OPPOSITE GAME

Number the lines of a piece of paper from
20.

In each line below, and on the next page, find
word which means the *opposite* of the first word in
the line.

Write this *opposite* on your paper beside the line
number.

- | | | | |
|----------|----------|--------|----------|
| 1. near | here | in | far |
| 2. sorry | joy | glad | shivered |
| 3. weak | harmless | strong | feeble |
| 4. lower | later | upper | floors |
| 5. short | long | safe | storm |

hard	air
deep	queer
angry	full
short	upper
enjoy	thick
wise	worse
starlight	noon
stared	fight
elf	fairy
trouble	found
crooked	unkind
window	bottom
giant	ogre
loud	awful
human	tiny

re equals the number right.

THE GAME OF WHO SAID

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 14.

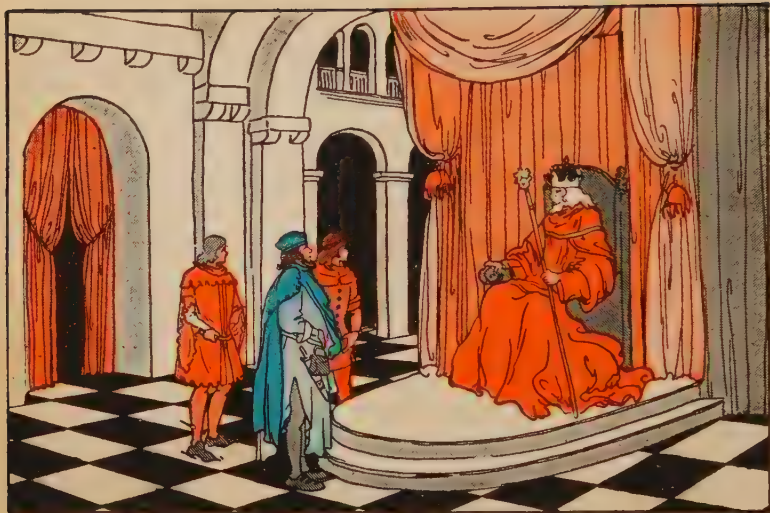
Write your answers for each of the following questions.

WHO SAID?

1. You will never be able to storm Glimminge Castle.
2. I have come to find all the secret passages.
3. We shall gather our army near the stone hedge.

4. Greetings and thanks! Greetings and thanks!
5. Thumbietot shall not be left alone!
6. I have lived in peace with the black rats for many years.
7. I shall take Thumbietot with me to Glimminge Castle.
8. That is not a frog, Herr Ermenrich.
9. That red-legged thing believes I am of no account.
10. We shall have to move away from our nest.
11. I must stand up and sleep.
12. Don't worry so, Mousie house-cat.
13. Go find the black rats.
14. I will carry him on my back, all the way to the meeting place.





THE WHITE CAT

Here is a good fairy story which I hope you will enjoy. Read it as you would a library book. See if you can remember it and tell it at home tonight.

THE KING'S WISH

A King had three sons, handsome, brave, and generous. Some persons about the court, however, made him believe that these sons were eager to have him die, because each wanted to be king. This was not at all true, but the King believed it, and made a plan to get them out of the way. He sent for them and said:

“My dear sons, you must see that I am growing old, and cannot attend to state affairs as I once did. It is right that I should make one of you king in my place. But first I should like something to amuse me when I am no longer king. I think I should like best a little dog. Now, the one of you who brings me the most perfect little dog shall be king in my place.”

The princes were much surprised at the fancy of their father to have a little dog, but they all agreed to do as he asked. They bade him good bye and promised to come back in a year.

They went off together to an old palace, three miles away. There they had something to eat and then set off on separate roads. But they agreed to meet again at the palace at the end of the year.

Now, we will see what happened to the youngest of the three brothers. He went from town to town looking for handsome dogs. He

bought one, and then, when he found a handsomer dog, he bought that and gave the other away.

At last he found himself in a wood. Night came on, and it began to rain. There were thunder and lightning, and he lost his way. He walked about and saw a light in the distance. He went toward it, and soon was in front of a fine palace.



THE PALACE

The door of the palace was of gold, studded with sapphires, and these shone with a bright light. This was the light the Prince had seen. The walls of the palace were of fine china, and there were wonderful paintings upon them. These paintings showed the adventures of all the fairies from the beginning of the world.

The Prince saw a deer's foot hanging by the side of the door. It was hung at the end of a chain of diamonds, and was plainly a bell-pull. He was greatly astonished, for he saw no one, and he wondered that thieves had not long ago stolen the diamonds and the sapphires.

He pulled the deer's foot and heard a bell ring. Soon the golden door opened. He saw nobody, but he saw twelve Hands in the air, each holding a torch. He looked and did not know what to do. Then he felt himself gently pushed from behind, so he walked on into the

palace. There he heard a voice singing:

“Welcome, Prince, no danger fear,
Mirth and love attend you here.”

The Hands with the torches led him through one door after another, into one room after another. Each room was more splendid than the last. Finally the Hands drew a chair near a fire, and beckoned him to sit down.

The Hands he saw were white and fair. They took away his wet clothes, and brought him new fine linen, and a warm wrapper in which he sat before the fire. Then they placed before him a glass upon a stand, and began to comb and brush his hair gently. They brought a bowl with perfumed water in it and washed his face and hands.

Now the Prince was fresh and warm, and the Hands gave him a princely suit of clothes. When he was dressed, they led him out of the chamber to a grand hall. Here a table was set with rich and dainty food. Two plates were on the table, and the Prince wondered who was to eat with him.

A YEAR OF SPORT

Just then he looked up and saw a small figure coming toward him. It was covered with a long black veil, and was not more than a foot high. On each side walked a cat dressed in black, and behind came a great number of cats, some carrying cages full of rats, and others mouse-traps filled with mice.

The Prince did not know what to think. The little figure drew near, and drew aside her veil. It was a cat, a beautiful White Cat, but looking sad and gentle. She said to the Prince:

“You are welcome, Prince. It makes me glad to have you come.”

“Madam,” said the Prince, “I thank you for all your goodness to me. I cannot help thinking you must be a wonderful being, to have this beautiful palace, to be able to speak, and yet—to be a cat!”



“That is true,” said the Cat,” but I do not like to talk, and I do not like to hear fine things said to me. Let us sit down to supper.”

The Hands then placed some dishes on the table in front of the Prince and the White Cat. The Prince had a pie made of young pigeons, but the White Cat had one made of fat mice. The Prince at first did not like to touch his food. He was not quite sure what it was, but the White Cat told him not to be afraid. The dishes before him had no bit of rat or mouse in them.

When supper was over, the Prince noticed that the White Cat carried a little picture hung by a cord upon one of her feet. He asked to look at it. It was a picture of a young man. To his great surprise, it was his own likeness.

He did not ask the White Cat to explain this, for she had a look which forbade him. They talked together about many things, and

then the White Cat bade the Prince good-night. The Hands with torches led him to his chamber, and there he slept.

THE HUNT

He was waked in the morning by a noise outside. He got up, and the Hands brought him a handsome hunting-jacket. The noise kept on, and he looked out of the window. There he saw more than five hundred cats in the open space before the palace. They were making ready for a hunt.

The White Cat soon came and asked the Prince to join their sport, and he was given a wooden horse to ride on. The White Cat mounted a monkey. She wore a dragon's cap, which made her look very bold and fierce.

The horns sounded, and away they went. The cats ran faster than the horses and rabbits, and when they caught any, they brought them to the Prince and the White Cat. They chased birds as well as rabbits. Up the trees they

went, and the White Cat on the monkey climbed more quickly than any and mounted the highest trees, to the eagle's nest.

When the chase was over, they all went back to the palace. The White Cat sat down at the table with the Prince, and they had a fine supper. Again the Hands led the Prince to his chamber, and he slept soundly.

So it went on day after day. Everyday there was some new pleasure, and the White Cat was so gentle, so sweet, and so thoughtful, that the prince could not bear to think of leaving the palace.

"How can I go away from you?" he cried one day. "Can you not make me a cat to live here always, or can you not make yourself a lady?" But the White Cat only smiled, and made no answer.

At last a year had almost gone. The White Cat knew what day the Prince must return to his father, and told him that he had but three days left.

"Alas!" said the Prince. "What shall I do? I have not yet found a dog small enough."

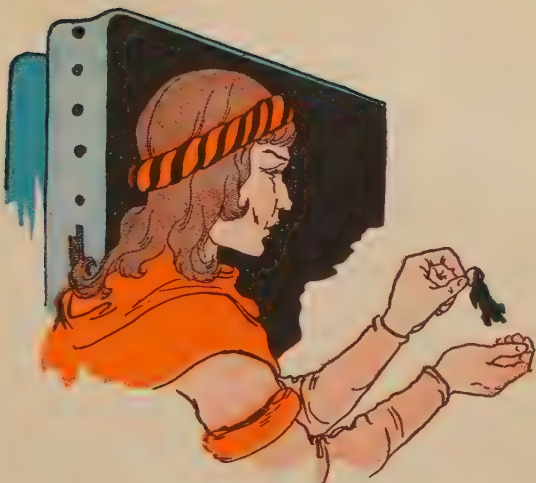
"Never fear," said the White Cat. "I will see that you have a dog, and I will also give you a wooden horse, so that you can ride home in a few hours."

When the day came, the White Cat gave the Prince an acorn. He was delighted, and thanked the White Cat a thousand times.

THE LITTLE DOG AND THE CLOTH

The Prince mounted his wooden horse, and soon was at the place where he was to meet his brothers. The two eldest told their stories. The youngest kept silence, and showed only a cheap cur. The brothers stepped on each other's toes under the table, as much as to say, "We have nothing to fear from this dog."

The next day they all went to the palace. The dogs of the two elder brothers were brought in on soft rugs; they were wrapped



about in silk quilts, and it was hard to see anything of them. However, the King looked at each, and could not make up his mind which was the smaller and prettier. So the two princes began to quarrel.

At this the youngest son came forward. Nobody had looked at his cur, but now he showed them his acorn. He broke the shell, and out jumped a little dog. He held his finger ring and the dog leaped through it. There was no doubt now who had the smallest and prettiest dog.

The King could not possibly find fault with the dog, but he could not bear to give up his crown yet. So he thanked his sons for their trouble, and asked them to try once more. He wished them to be gone a year, and at the end of that time to bring him a fine piece of cloth. It must be small enough to be drawn through the eye of a small needle.

The three princes thought this very hard, but they set off as before. The two eldest took different roads. The youngest mounted his wooden horse, and quickly came to the Palace of the White Cat. There he was received with great joy. The Hands helped him to dismount and the table was spread before him. The White Cat sat opposite him. He told her what a hard task his father had set.

THE CATS MAKE THE CLOTH

“Do not be troubled,” she said, “I have cats in my palace who can make just such cloth. So be at ease and enjoy yourself.”

The Prince knew how to enjoy himself. He talked with the White Cat about all sorts of things, and they hunted together. When he was alone, he would think about the White Cat, and what she said last. Oh, yes, he knew how to enjoy himself.

Thus another year went by. At the end of the year the White Cat said to the Prince:

“This time you must go in state.”

Then he saw in the yard a splendid carriage, covered with gold and diamonds. Twelve horses as white as snow were harnessed to it, and a troop of horsemen were ready to ride behind and by the side of the carriage. The White Cat bade the Prince good-bye and gave him a walnut.

“In this nut,” she said, “is the cloth. But you must not open the nut till you come before the King.”

Away went the horses, and carried the Prince in a twinkling to the King’s palace. His two brothers were already there. They

all went into the King's room, and the eldest brought out his piece of cloth. No one had ever seen anything so fine. The King took the needle. The tip end of the cloth went through the eye, but the piece could not be pulled further.

The second son tried, but his piece failed also. Then the youngest Prince came forward with an elegant box, covered with jewels. He opened the box and took out the walnut. He smiled and looked about, and cracked the shell. Then he looked sober. There was no cloth there, only a filbert.

However, he cracked the shell of the filbert. Out came a cherry-stone. He looked more serious still. The brothers and the lords of the court began to laugh. What could be more silly than this Prince with his cherry-stone!

The Prince now cracked the cherry-stone and took out the kernel. He split it, and there was a grain of wheat and a grain of millet-seed. All the court was now laughing.



The Prince grew red in the face and muttered:

“O White Cat, White Cat, you have deceived me.”

When he said this, he felt a scratch on his arm. He saw nothing, but it was just as if a cat scratched him. That brought him to his senses. He opened the millet-seed very carefully, and drew forth a piece of cloth. It was four hundred yards long, and was so fine that it was easily drawn through the eye of the needle.

The King could ask nothing more. But he was not ready to give up his crown, so he said to his sons:

“You have done nobly. Now one of you must be king. But it will not do for one to be king without a queen. So go away and find the most beautiful woman in the world. At the end of the year come back. The one who brings the most beautiful woman shall marry her and have my kingdom.”

THE YOUNG PRINCE FINDS A BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS

The three brothers set off again on their travels, and the youngest rode straight to the palace of the White Cat. He could not bear to speak or think of his errand. He was so happy, however, with the White Cat that he quite forgot everything for another year. At the end of that time the White Cat herself reminded him what he had to do.

“You must now go back to your father, but

you shall take with you a beautiful princess. Cut off my head and my tail, and throw them into the fire."

"I!" said the Prince. "I cut off your head and tail! How can I, when I love you so?"

"You must. That is the way to prove your love. If you love me, do as I bid you."

The Prince looked at the White Cat. Her eyes said the same thing to him. He took his sword, and did as she bade him. No sooner had he done this than the White Cat was gone, and a beautiful princess stood before him. At the same moment the room was full of maids and gentlemen. All the cats were gone. The Prince was astonished. The beautiful princess sent away all the people, and then told the story of her life to the Prince.

THE WHITE CAT'S STORY

"Do not think I have always been a cat. My father was a king, and had six kingdoms. He loved my mother dearly, and let her do

just as she wished. She liked best to travel and to see new sights. One day she heard of a distant country where the fairies had a garden, and in the garden was the most delicious fruit ever eaten.

“She wished at once to taste this fruit, and so she set off for the country. She came to a noble palace and knocked at the gate. No one came out, she waited. No one appeared anywhere in sight. But over the garden wall she saw the fruit.

“My mother bade her servants pitch her tent close by the gate. There she stayed six weeks. Yet she saw no one go in or out. She was so vexed and disappointed that at the end of six weeks she fell sick.

“One night, when she was almost dead, she opened her eyes and saw an old woman, small and ugly. It was one of the fairies who owned the garden. This old woman was sitting in a chair by the bed, and spoke to my mother.

“ ‘Why do you come here for our fruit?’

she asked. 'My sisters and I do not like it at all. We do not mean you should have any. But now you are very ill, and we do not want you to die here; you may have all you want, if you will give us what we ask and then go away.'

" 'Oh,' said my mother, 'I will give you everything I have, to the half of my kingdom, if you will only give me the fruit.'

" 'Very well. You will have a child. When the child is born, give her to us. We will take care of her, and she shall be a beautiful princess.'

" 'That is pretty hard,' said my mother, 'but I must have the fruit, or I shall die. So the child shall be yours.'

"Then my mother rose and dressed, and went into the garden. Here she ate her fill. Besides, she ordered four thousand mules to be loaded with the fruit, for it was the kind that would never spoil. Thus she traveled back to my father. He was overjoyed to see her, and

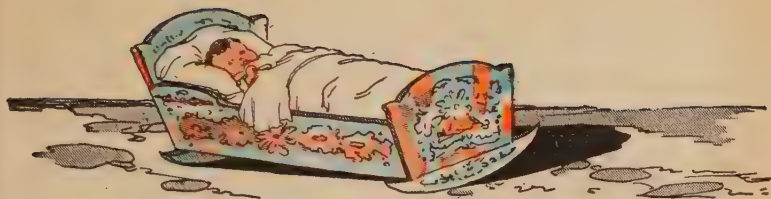
she said nothing of the promise she had given.

“By and by, however, she grew sad, and my father asked her what troubled her. Then she told him the whole story. At first he was greatly troubled, but he began to think how he could prevent the fairies from getting his child.

“As soon as I was born he had me taken to the top of a high tower. There were twenty flights of stairs leading up to the room in which I was placed. A door was at the foot of each flight, and was locked, and my father kept the keys. He did not mean that any one should get at me.

“When the fairies heard this, they were very angry. They sent forth a great dragon, and the dragon breathed forth fire, and burnt up the grass and trees. It was very fierce, too, and killed men, women, and children. So my father was filled with dismay and sent word that the fairies should have me.”

“I was placed in a cradle of mother-of-pearl,



and carried to the palace by the garden where my mother had eaten the fruit. The dragon at once disappeared, and all went well in my father's kingdom.

“The fairies gave me a room in a tower, and I had everything I could ask. Here I grew up. I knew nothing of my father or mother. The fairies came to see me, and flew in at the window. You must know there was no door to the tower. There were windows, high up from the ground, and there was a garden upon the top of the tower.

“The fairies were very kind to me, and all went well. I played in the garden on the tower, and I had my birds and flowers. But one day I was sitting at one of the windows

talking with my parrot, when I saw a fine-looking man below. He stood listening to the parrot and me.

“I had never seen a man except in pictures, and I was very glad to see this one. We spoke to each other through the window, and so it went on day after day. At last I thought I could not bear to live alone in the tower, and I planned to escape.

“I begged the fairies to bring me some cord and needles, to make a net with. There were birds flying about, and if I had a net I could catch one. They gave me these things, and I made a ladder which reached from my window to the ground.

“I meant to climb down the ladder, but before I could do so my lover had climbed up. He leaped in at my window. At first I was frightened, but then I was glad to have him with me. He gave me a picture of himself, but while we were talking, the fairy Violent

flew in at the window on the back of the dragon. She was in a great rage, and bade the dragon at once to eat my lover.

“I tried to cast myself into the mouth of the dragon for I no longer cared to live. But the fairy held me back and said she had another punishment for me. She touched me with her wand and I became at once a White Cat.

“She brought me to this place and gave me a troop of cats to wait on me. They were lords and ladies who had been turned into cats. The Hands were the Hands of servants who could not be seen. Here I was to stay until a prince should come who looked exactly like my lover, and who should cut off my head and tail.

“My Prince, look at this picture. It is your exact image. You have saved me from the fairies, and I love you with all my heart.”

The Prince was overjoyed. He made haste to run out for his father's palace with the beautiful princess. Again the brothers stood before the King, each with a beautiful princess.



The King was now at his wit's end, but the princess, who had lately been a White Cat, came forward and said:

"O King, it is a thousand pities that you should give up your kingdom. You are not old. You are very wise, and ought to reign many years. I have six kingdoms. Let me give you one for each of your two eldest sons. Then the youngest son and I will still have four kingdoms. More than all, you will not have to decide which of us three princesses is the most beautiful."

Everybody set up a shout. The three weddings took place at once, and the kingdoms were divided among the princes.

—Told by Horace E. Scudder
From "*The Book of Fables and Folk Stories.*"
Houghton Mifflin Company.



We may divide this story into six parts as follows:

1. The palace of the White Cat.
2. A year of good times.
3. The little dog and the cloth.
4. The white cat has her head cut off.
5. The white cat's story.
6. The white cat's story is ended.

Use each part given above as a main heading for an outline. Set down under each, other parts which will cover all the important points of the story. For instance, here is a complete outline of the first part:

1. The palace of the white cat.
 - a. The three brothers set out.
 - b. The youngest Prince comes to the palace of the white cat.
 - c. He is served by Hands but he sees no one.

The rest of the headings are left for you to fill in. Do not try to put in everything that happened.

WORDS THAT HAVE THE SAME MEANING

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 14.

From the list of words at the bottom of the next page find one which you think means the same as the

word in each sentence, printed in heavy type. Write this word on your paper after the number of the sentence.

1. I cannot attend to **state** affairs.
2. It was his own **likeness**.
3. The youngest brother showed a cheap **cur**.
4. The Prince was **astonished**.
5. He thought how he could **prevent** the fairies from getting his child.
6. The dragon was **fierce**.
7. She was in a great **rage**.
8. She touched the child with her **wand**.
9. It is your exact **image**.
10. The Prince **made haste** to set off.
11. The King was **at his wit's end**.
12. You ought to **reign** for years.
13. She went to a **distant** country.
14. She **bade** her servants **pitch** her tent.

picture	rule	likeness
keep	government	bothered
magic stick	dog	far off
surprised	hurried	told
terrible	fury	place

WHAT THE MOON SAW

Read as fast as you can, but be sure you understand what you read.

High up in the sky one evening the moon sailed. She looked down on a farm. In the chicken-yard she saw a clucking hen and ten yellow chickens.

She saw a pretty little girl, too. The little girl was chasing the little chickens and jumping about the old hen.

The hen was frightened and screamed as she spread out her wings over the little brood.

About this time the little girl's father heard the noise and hurried out of the house. He scolded his little girl and took her into the house.

The next evening the moon looked down in the same chicken-yard.

Everything was quiet.

But soon the little girl came forth again.

She crept quietly to the hen-house, opened the door and slipped in.

At once the hens set up a big cry and flew down from their perches.

The little girl tried to catch them.

Now the old moon saw all this through a hole in the hen-house wall.

The little girl's father came running when he heard all the noise in the hen-house.

He took the little girl by the arm, pulled her out of the hen-house and scolded her, saying:

"What are you doing in the hen-house?"

The little girl hung her head and wept: "I wanted to kiss the hen and tell her I was sorry for frightening her yesterday, but I was afraid to tell you."

The father kissed the child's forehead, and the old moon kissed her on the mouth and eyes.

—*Adapted from Hans C. Andersen.*

YES-NO

Some of these sentences are true.

Some are not true.

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 12.

After each number on your paper write "yes" for each true statement and "no" for each sentence which is not true.

1. The moon saw an old hen.
2. The hen had ten white chickens.
3. A little boy was chasing the chickens.
4. The little girl's mother scolded her.
5. The next night the little girl went to the hen-house.
6. The old moon looked through a hole in the hen-house wall.
7. The hens were frightened.
8. The little boy tried to catch the hens.
9. The little girl's mother came out.
10. The father scolded the little girl.
11. The little girl laughed.
12. The little girl wanted to tell the hen that she was sorry she frightened her.

Score equals the number right.

INCREASING LIST PUZZLE

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 15.

Add one more word of the same kind to each of the lists below. See number one. Write these words on your paper opposite the numbers of the lines. The list of words at the bottom of the page contains all the words you will need.

1. brook	stream	pool	<i>lake</i>
2. castle	church	barn	
3. fairies	dwarfs	elf	
4. queen	king	prince	
5. jacket	veil	wrapper	
6. boat	ship	ark	
7. acorn	walnut	filbert	
8. hundred	thousand	ten	
9. parrot	eagle	owl	
10. meadow	valley	mountains	
11. midnight	morning	evening	
12. horn	drum	kite	
13. dog	cat	horse	
14. hens	chickens	geese	
15. pie	cake	fruit	

LIST OF WORDS

pipe, princess, vessel, ogre, rooster, monkey, twenty, shoes, lake, hill, butter, mill, noon, moon, brood, pigeons, palace, cherry-stone.

NIELS AND THE GIANTS

This story tells how a boy conquered three giants and rescued a princess. As you read, find out how it all happened.

THE HERDER

On a great moor, there once lived a man and his wife, who had a little house and some sheep, and two sons who helped to herd the sheep.

The older of the two sons was called Rasmus, and the younger Niels. Rasmus was quite happy to look after the sheep, as his father had done before him. But Niels wanted to be a hunter and was not happy till he got hold of an old gun and learned to shoot. Niels went about shooting at everything he could see and soon he became a wonderful shot.

Now the parents of Rasmus and Niels were getting old, and the mother took it into her

head that she would like to go to the city of Rome.

The others didn't see much use in this, but she had her way in the end. They sold all the sheep, shut up the house, and set out for Rome on foot.

Niels took his gun with him.

"What do you want with that?" said Rasmus. "We have plenty to carry without it."

But Niels could not be happy without his gun and took it all the same.

It was in the summer time when they began their journey. The days were so hot that they could not travel at all in the middle of the day, and they were afraid to go on by night lest they should lose their way or fall into the hands of robbers.

One day a little before sunset, they came to an inn which stood at the edge of a forest.

"We had best stay here for the night," said Rasmus.

"What an idea!" said Niels, who was



growing tired of such slow travel. "We can't travel by day for the heat, and we stay where we are all night. It will be long enough before we get to Rome if we go on at this rate."

Rasmus was not willing to go on, but the two old people sided with Niels, who said:

"The nights aren't dark, and the moon will soon be up. We can ask at the inn here and find out which way we ought to take."

So on they went for some time. At last they came to a small opening in the forest, and here they found that the road divided in two. There was no sign post to direct them, and the people at the inn had not told them which of the two roads to take.

“What’s to be done now?” said Rasmus. “I think we should have stayed at the inn.”

“There is no harm done,” said Niels. “The night is warm, and we can wait here till morning. One of us will keep watch till midnight, and then awaken the other.”

Rasmus chose to take the first watch, and the others lay down to sleep. It was very quiet in the forest, and Rasmus could hear the deer and foxes and other animals moving about among the rustling leaves. When a big stag came quite close to him, he was frightened and ran away, but he made such a noise that Niels was awakened.

“What’s that?” he cried.

“I have just driven away a big stag,” said Rasmus boastfully.

“That’s nothing,” said Niels. “I have often fought wild animals and driven them from the forest. It is not such a difficult thing to do.”

It was almost midnight, so Niels began his watch, and Rasmus went to sleep.

THE THREE GIANTS

It began to get colder, and Niels began to walk a little to keep himself warm. He soon found that they were not far from the edge of the forest, and when he climbed up one of the trees he could see out over the open country beyond.

At a little distance, he saw a fire, and beside it, there sat three giants busy eating their supper of broth and beef. They were so big that the spoons they used were as large as spades, and their forks as big as hay-forks. With these they lifted whole tubs full of broth and great pieces of meat out of a large pot which was set on the ground between them.

Niels was frightened at first, but he knew that the giants were a good way off, and that if they came nearer he could hide among the bushes. After watching them for a little, he began to get over his fright.

By and by he decided to get his gun and



play some tricks on them. When he had gotten his gun, he took good aim, and waited till one of the giants was putting a large piece of meat into his mouth.

Bang! went Niels's gun. The bullet struck the handle of the fork so hard that the point went into the giant's chin, instead of his mouth.

"None of your tricks," growled the giant to the one who sat next to him. "What do you mean by hitting my fork like that, and making me prick myself?"

“I didn’t touch your fork,” said the second giant. “Don’t try to pick a quarrel with me.”

“Look at me then,” said the first. “Do you suppose I stuck it into my chin for fun?”

The two got so angry over the matter that each offered to fight the other there and then. But the third giant would not permit it. So they again fell to their eating.

While the quarrel was going on, Niels had loaded the gun again. Just as the second giant was about to put a nice tid-bit into his mouth, bang! went the gun again, and the fork flew into a dozen pieces.

This giant was madder than the first had been. They were coming to blows when the third giant again said:

“Don’t be fools. What’s the good of beginning to fight among ourselves, when we three must work together and get the upper hand over the king of this country? It will be a hard enough task as it is, but it will be alto-

gether hopeless if we don't stick together. Sit down again, and let us finish our meal. I shall sit between you, and then neither of you can blame the other."

Niels was too far away to hear their talk, but from their actions he could guess what was happening, and thought it good fun.

"Three times is lucky," said he to himself. "I'll have another shot."

This time it was the third giant's fork that caught the bullet, and snapped in two.

"Well," said he, "if I were as foolish as you two, I would also fly into a rage, but I begin to see what time of day it is, and I'm going off this minute to see who it is that's playing these tricks upon us."

GIANT CATCHES NIELS

Niels climbed down the tree as fast as he could so as to hide among the bushes, but he had just got to the ground when the giant was upon him.



“Stay where you are,” said the giant, “or I’ll put my foot on you, and there won’t be much of you left after that.”

Niels gave in, and the giant carried him back to the other giants.

“You don’t deserve any mercy at our hands,” said the giant. “But as you are such a good shot, you may be of great use to us, so we shall spare your life, if you will do as we

say. Not far from here stands a castle in which the king's daughter lives. We are at war with the king and want to get the upper hand of him by carrying off the princess. But the castle is so well guarded that there is no getting into it. By our skill in magic we have put to sleep every living thing in the castle, except a little black dog. So long as he is awake, we are no better off than before; for, as soon as we begin to climb over the wall, the little dog will hear us and its barking will waken all the others again. Having got you, we can place you where you will be able to shoot the dog before it begins to bark, and then no one can stop us from getting the princess. If you do that, we shall not only let you off, but reward you handsomely."

Niels had to consent, and the giants set out for the castle at once. It was surrounded by a very high wall, so high that even the giants could not touch the top of it.

"How am I to get over that?" said Niels.

“Quite easily,” said the third giant. “I’ll throw you up on it.”

“No, thanks,” said Niels. “I might fall down on the other side, or break my leg or neck, and then the little dog wouldn’t get shot after all.”

“No fear of that,” said the giant; “the wall is quite wide on the top, and covered with long grass, so that you will come down as softly as though you fell on a feather-bed.”

Niels had to believe him and allowed the giant to throw him up. He came down on his feet unhurt, but the little black dog heard the thump and rushed out of its kennel. It was just opening its mouth to bark when Niels fired, and away ran the frightened little dog.

“Go down on the inside now,” said the giant, “and see if you can open the gate to us.”

Niels made his way down into the courtyard, but on his way to the outer gate he found himself at the door of the large hall of the castle. The door was open, and the hall was

well lighted though there was no one to be seen.

THE HORN

Niels went in here and looked around him. On the wall there hung a huge sword and beneath it was a large silver drinking-horn. Niels went closer to look at these, and saw that the horn had letters on the silver rim. He took it down and read these words:

Whoever drinks the wine I hold
Can use the sword that hangs above;
Then let him use it for the right,
And win a royal maiden's love.



Niels took out the silver stopper of the horn and drank some of the wine.

But when he tried to take down the sword, he found himself unable to move it. So he hung up the horn again and went farther into the castle.

"The giants can wait a little," he said. Before long he came to an apartment in which a beautiful princess lay asleep in a bed, and on a table by her side there lay a gold-hemmed handkerchief. Niels tore this in two and put one half in his pocket, leaving the other half on the table. On the floor he saw a pair of gold slippers, and one of these he also put in his pocket.

After that he went back to the hall and took down the horn again.

"Perhaps I have to drink all that is in it before I can move the sword," he thought. So he put it to his lips again and drank until it was quite empty. When he had done this, he could use the sword with the greatest ease and

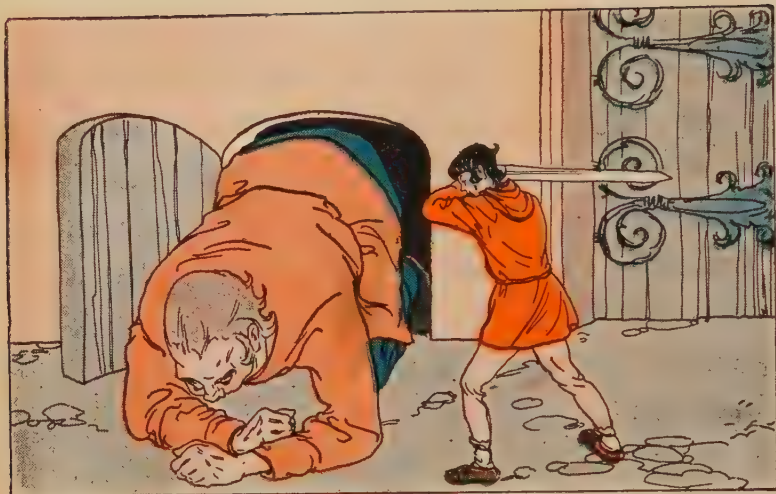
too small strong enough to do anything, even to the giants he had left outside who were to doubt wondering why he had not opened the gate to them before this time. To conquer the giants, he thought, would be using the sword for the right. But as for winning the love of the princess, that was a thing which the son of a poor sheep-farmer need not hope for.

When Niels came to the gate of the castle, he found that there was a large door and a small one. So he opened the small one.

"Can't you open the big door?" said the giants. "We shall hardly be able to get in at this one."

"The bars are too heavy for me to draw," said Niels. "If you stoop a little, you can quite well come in here."

The first giant bent down and entered on his hands and knees. But before he had time to straighten his back again, Niels made a sweep with the sword and down went the giant. He was so hurt by the blow that it



was quite easy for Niels to throw him down into a deep pit, so aroused was he by the excitement of the contest. The second giant as he entered met the same fate. The third was slower in coming, so Niels called out to him:

“Be quick,” he said, “you are surely the oldest of the three, since you are so slow. I can’t wait here long. I must get back to my own people as soon as possible.”

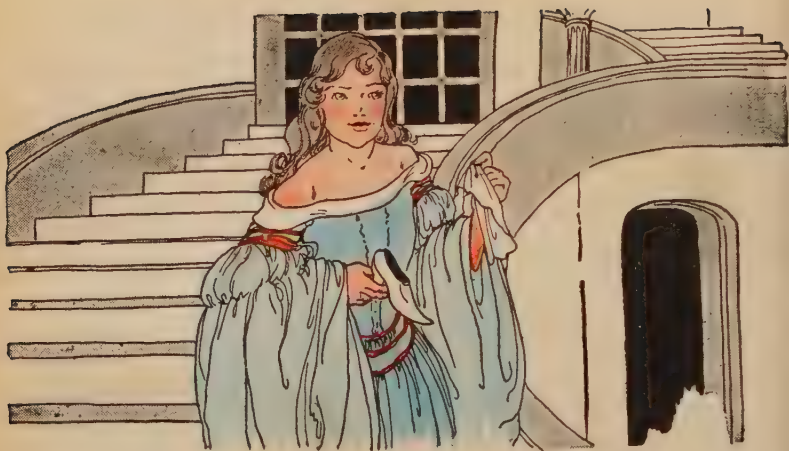
So the third also came in, and was served in the same way.

By this time, day was beginning to break, and Niels thought that his folks might already be searching for him. So instead of waiting to see what took place at the castle, he ran off to the forest as fast as he could, taking the sword with him.

THEY GO ON A JOURNEY

He found the others still asleep. So he woke them up, and they set out on their journey. Of the night's adventures he said not a word, and when they asked where he got the sword, he only pointed in the direction of the castle, and said, "Over that way." They thought he had found it and asked no more questions.

When Niels left the castle, he shut the door behind him, and it closed with such a bang that the porter woke up. He could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw the three giants lying down in the deep pit in the courtyard. The whole castle was soon awake, and then everybody wondered how the giants came to be there.



Then it was noticed that the drinking-horn was empty and the sword gone, while the princess reported that half of her handkerchief and one of her slippers had been taken away.

How the giants had been conquered seemed a little clearer now, but who had done it was a puzzle still.

“We must find the man who conquered the giants,” said the princess, “for if he is willing to marry me I cannot refuse him, after what my father put on the horn.” She talked with

her father's wisest men as to what ought to be done. Among other things they advised her to build a house beside the roadside and put over the door these words: "Whoever will tell the story of his life, may stay here three nights for nothing."

This was done, and many strange tales were told to the princess, but none of the travelers said a word about the three giants.

In the meantime Niels and the others tramped on towards Rome. Autumn passed, and winter was just beginning when they came to the foot of some high mountains.

"Must we go over these?" asked they. "We shall be frozen to death or buried in the snow."

"Here comes a man," said Niels; "let us ask the way to Rome." They did so and were told that there was no other way.

"Is it far yet?" said the old people, who were beginning to be worn out by the long journey.

The man held up his foot so that they could see the sole of his shoe. It was worn as thin as paper, and there was a hole in the middle of it.

"These shoes were quite new when I left Rome," he said, "and look at them now. That will tell you whether you are far from it or not."

Then the old people decided to give up all thought of finishing the journey. They only wished to get back home as quickly as they could. What with winter and bad roads they took longer to return than they had taken to go. But in the end they found themselves in sight of the forest where they had slept before.

"What's this?" said Rasmus. "Here's a big house built since we passed this way before."

"So it is," said Niels. "Let us stay all night in it."

"No, we can't afford that," said the old people; "it will be too dear for the like of us."

However, when they saw what was written above the door, they were all well pleased to stay for nothing. They were well received, and had so much attention given to them that the old people were quite put out by it. After they had got time to rest themselves, the princess' chief man came to hear their story.

"You saw what was written above the door," he said to the father. "Tell me who you are and the story of your life."

TELLING THE STORY OF THEIR LIVES

"Dear me, I have nothing of any importance to tell you," said the old man. "And I am sure we should never have been so bold as to trouble you at all if it hadn't been for the youngest of our two sons here."

"Nevertheless that," said the chief man, "you are very welcome if you will only tell me the story of your life."

"Well, I will," said he, "but there is

nothing to tell about it. My wife and I have lived all our days on a farm, until this last year, when she took a fancy to go to Rome. We set out with our two sons, but turned back long before we got there and now are on our way home again. That is all my own story, and our two sons have lived with us all their days so there is nothing more to be told about them either."

"Yes, there is," said Rasmus; "when we were on our way south, we slept in the wood near here one night, and I drove away a stag."

The chief man reported to the princess that the newcomers had nothing to tell.

"Did you question them all?" she said.

"Well, no, not directly," said he, "but the father said that none of them could tell me any more than he had done."

"You are getting careless," said the princess; "I shall go and talk to them myself."

Niels knew the princess again as soon as she entered the room. He was greatly alarmed



for he immediately supposed that all this was a plan to find the person who had run away with the sword, the slipper, and the half of the handkerchief, and that it would fare badly with him if he were discovered. So he told his story much the same as the others did, and thought he had escaped all trouble when Rasmus put in his word.

“You’ve forgotten something, Niels,” he said; “you remember you found a sword near here that night I drove away the stag.”

“Where is the sword?” said the princess.

"I know," said the chief man. "I saw where he laid it down when he came in." Off he went to get the sword while Niels wondered whether he could make his escape in the meantime. Before he had made up his mind, however, the chief man was back with the sword, which the princess recognized at once.

"Where did you get this?" she said to Niels. Niels said nothing and wondered what would be done to him.

"See what else he has about him," said the princess to the chief man.

Then Niels was searched. Out of one pocket came a golden slipper, and out of another the half of a gold-hemmed handkerchief.

"That is enough," said the princess; "now we needn't ask any more questions. Send for my father the king, at once."

"Please let me go," said Niels; "I did you as much good as harm, at any rate."

“Why, who said anything about doing harm?” said the princess. “You must stay here until my father comes.”

The way in which the princess smiled when she said this gave Niels some hope that things might not be bad for him after all. He was yet more encouraged when he thought of the words that were on the horn, though the last line seemed too good to be true.

However, the arrival of the king soon settled the matter; the princess was willing and so was Niels, and in a few days the wedding bells were ringing.

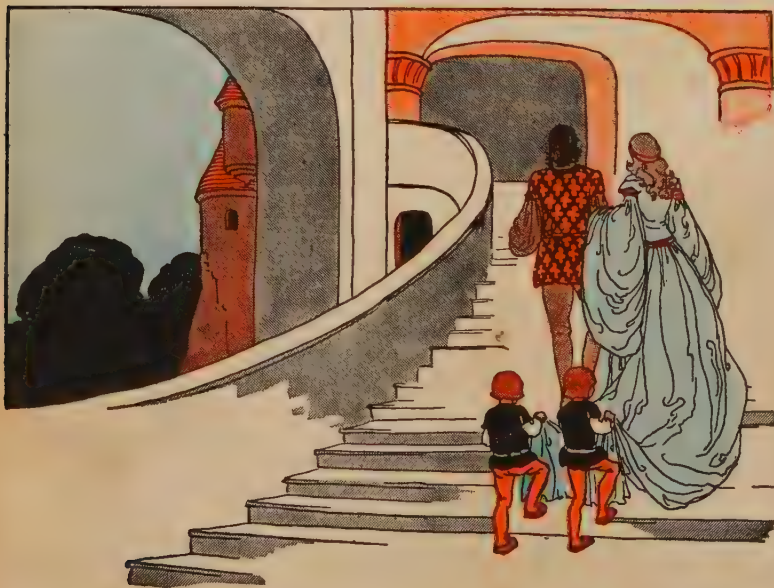
—*Lang Crimson Fairy Book.*

Different children may read aloud each of the following parts of the story. When each reader has finished reading his part, the other children may question him about what he has read. Do the same for each part.

Read until:

1. Niels and his parents come to the edge of a forest.

2. Rasmus ran away from the stag and awakened Niels.
3. Niels played a trick on the first giant.
4. Niels broke the third giant's fork.
5. Niels set out to the castle with the giants.
6. Niels read the words on the drinking-horn.
7. Niels has conquered all three giants.
8. Winter came.
9. The chief man came to hear their story.
10. The princess went to hear their story.
11. The king arrived.



WORDS THAT MEAN THE SAME

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 20.

In each line find the word which means the same as the first word of that line.

Write this word on your paper by the right number.

1.	circle	ring	tower	edge
2.	quarreled	laughed	argued	sighed
3.	mad	angry	puffed	sorry
4.	castle	hedge	palace	church
5.	dog	cat	grin	cur
6.	sentry	capture	astonished	guard
7.	enemies	foes	fright	giants
8.	terrible	gentle	frightful	splendid
9.	noise	racket	fussing	cellar
10.	whole	entire	plan	part
11.	ravage	roar	destroy	silent
12.	monster	beast	ogre	giant
13.	image	bowman	likeness	page
14.	message	gifts	bullet	letter
15.	splendid	wonderful	gentle	thoughtful
16.	fairy	elf	giant	human
17.	lad	flock	girl	boy
18.	queer	wise	old	strange
19.	weak	young	feeble	old
20.	haste	troop	wand	hurry

Score equals the number right.

THE WOODMAN AND THE BROWNIES

This story tells about a woodman who found six big eggs. Read and find out what hatched out of the eggs and what the woodman did.

THE WOODMAN'S HOME

Once upon a time there was a woodman. He lived all by himself in a thick wood. He built his own house. He did his own cooking. He did his own mending. He did his own washing. He was little and fat. He looked like Santa Claus only he did not wear red clothes. His clothes were made of brown leather.

One day he had to go to the village to get a new ax. He got his ax and started home. It began to grow dark, and before the woodman knew it, he was lost in the thick wood. He tried to find the path and began to feel about with his hands.

Then something happened. As he was feeling about, he found a hollow in a beech tree. His hands came upon six big eggs in the hollow of the tree. The woodman thought to himself, "I shall take these eggs home and let them hatch. Perhaps if I can get hens that lay such big eggs as these I shall not have to look far for breakfast."



So he started home again. He found the path and soon he was in his own little house.

When he got into the house, he wrapped each egg in a bit of red flannel. Then he set the eggs around the fire. For three weeks he

kept the fire going night and day. Every morning he looked at the eggs to see what kind of queer chickens would come out.

One morning when the woodman looked at the eggs he saw one egg moving. Soon all were moving. They moved just a little at first. Then one egg began to crack and another began to crack. One of the cracks opened and out came—not a chicken's head, but a little hand, a little squirming hand. It was like a baby's hand only it was smaller and almost black. Soon there was such a crackling and squealing as you never heard. Out of one egg bobbed a head, and out of another bobbed a foot. After the hands and heads the bodies came squirming through. And six of the queerest little brownies you ever saw were soon squirming on the floor.

THE WOODMAN'S QUEER CHILDREN

The poor woodman did not know what to do. He did not know what to say. He felt



stood and looked. He had never had any children and he did not know what to do with these queer children. They looked cold, so the first thing he did was to make them some clothes. He took the flannel that he had wrapped around the eggs and cut a round hole in each piece. Then he put the pieces of flannel over the little cold brownies.

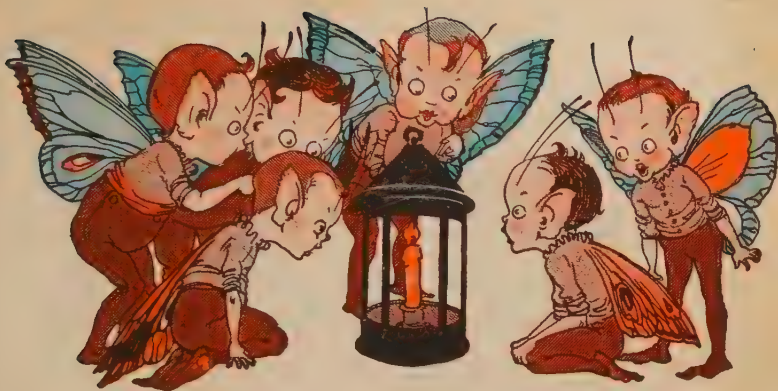
I can't tell you all the trouble the woodman had with his queer children. He was busy all the time with his brownie babies. Sometimes he was so tired of taking care of them that he wanted to run away. But he thought to

himself, "When the brownie babies grow up, they can work for me. If I work hard for them now, they will work hard for me by and by. They will cook my food, they will clean my house. They will chop my wood, and they will get my water."

But the brownies did not help the woodman when they were older. They were always doing what they should not do. They did not talk much, but they were always full of mischief.

When night came, they became quiet. They stopped whatever they were doing and sat around the table. They leaned their elbows on the table and stared at the candle on the table. They stared so hard that their eyes were like the letter O with a dot in the middle. The woodman was glad when night came so the brownies would be quiet.

One night the woodman thought, "I know what I shall do. I shall take these queer chil-



dren back to the place where I found them. If I put a candle in the lantern they will follow the light. I will take them to the tree where I found the eggs and leave them there.”

He took the candle and put it in the lantern. The little brownies crowded around to see him do it. They did not take their eyes off the candle long enough to wink. They stared and stared. Then the woodman took the lantern and went out into the night.

The little brownies all came tumbling after him. They did not look where they were going. They were too busy looking at the light.

Sometimes a brownie fell down, but he got up in a hurry and went stumbling along as before.

So the woodman went on into the dark woods. Soon he found the tree. He hung the lantern on a branch and turned to go home. It was so dark that he could not find his way. He looked back at the lantern. The brownies had sat down on the ground and were staring up at the lantern. They did not move. They did not speak. They just stared and stared. Their little eyes were like the letter O with a dot in the middle.

The woodman was afraid to go on in the dark. He looked again at the brownies. Their little faces, all so quiet now, did not seem so ugly. The woodman hated to leave them. He hated to leave the light. So he went back to the tree and said to them, "Come, let us go home." The little brownies got up and followed the woodman back home where they all lived happily together ever after.

ACTING THE STORY

How many acts will you have? Perhaps this story should have three acts. Name each act. Have your teacher write the names on the blackboard as you tell them.

Read the story again to find out how many people you will need in each act.

Where would the first act be laid?

Where the second? For this act can you think up three or four pranks that brownies could do?

Where is the third act laid?

The boys and girls who do not have parts to play can be the audience. When the story has been acted, the audience should tell who acted well and where the acting might be better.

ACTIONS OF CHARACTERS

Put down the following names on a piece of paper.

Write under each name a list of the things which that character did in the story.

You may use your books for this work. See how many things you can find for each character in the story of "The Woodman and the Brownies."

The Woodman

The Brownies

SHOES OF KINDNESS

This story tells about a little girl who wished for golden shoes.

Read to yourself as fast as you can. But be sure you understand what you read. When you have finished, you will be asked to tell all about how this little girl discovered her new shoes and about all other things which happened.

THE FAIRY STORY

Mollie closed her fairy book with a sigh. "Things like that don't happen nowadays," she said. "I wish they did."

"What things, dear?" asked Mother.

"In this story there is a little girl who is invited to a party, but she cannot go, for her mother is too poor to buy her any pretty clothes. Then a lovely fairy comes along, and with a wave of her wand, turns the worn frock into a pretty one and her old shoes are turned into golden slippers. Just think, Mother,

golden shoes! I should just love to have a pair."

"Well," said Mother, laughingly, "you are not so badly off as the little girl in the story. You are going to Nellie's birthday party this afternoon, and you have a new frock to wear and a nice pair of patent leather shoes."

"Yes," sighed Mollie, "but think how lovely golden shoes would look, Mother."

"Come along and get dressed," said Mother. "If you linger any more sighing for golden shoes, you will be late for the party."

So Mollie ran upstairs, and when she was ready in her new frock and blue sash, she felt quite pleased with the little girl she saw in her Mother's long looking-glass.

"Still," she murmured as she looked down on her black shoes, "it would be lovely if a fairy came along, and turned them into golden ones."

Two or three little playmates were going to the party, too, so they called for Mollie. The

children ran gayly down the lane when, as they turned the corner, they saw a nanny goat in front of them.

"Oh!" cried Mollie, "that's Mrs. Wood's goat; it must have strayed from her garden.

"Foolish thing!" laughed Edith, "just look at the way it runs from one side to the other."

"Poor thing!" said Mollie, "it does not know its way home; let's take it home, Edith. It knows me and will come with me."

"What an idea!" cried Edith. "We should be late for the party and perhaps miss some of the nicest things for tea, and all for the sake of a silly old goat."

"Not only for that," pleaded Mollie, "but for Mrs. Wood's sake. Nannie is such a pet of hers."

"Nannie, Nannie," she called, and at the sound of the friendly little voice, Nannie came to her and let her take hold of the string dangling from its neck.



“Well if you will go, you must go by yourself; we cannot wait for you;” and the other children ran off, leaving Mollie alone.

MOLLIE TAKES THE GOAT HOME

It was hard to see them running off so gayly without her. Suppose all the cakes were eaten before she got to the party! Then making her decision, Mollie turned her back on the running children, and taking Nannie firmly by the string, led her home.

Mrs. Wood was an old widow who lived in a cottage by herself. She kept a few chickens as well as the goat, and did many odd jobs for her neighbors. She was standing at the gate now, looking up and down the lane, and was delighted to see Mollie leading the wanderer home.

"I was just going off to look for her," she said, "but I am so glad you've found her. I have been out all the afternoon helping a neighbor and just came home to find Nannie had broken her tether."

"She was wandering in Mill Lane," said Mollie. "I knew you'd be wondering where she was so I brought her back. Now I must run or I shall be late for Nellie's party."

"So you turned aside from the party to bring me my pet back. Well, your little feet must be shod with kindness, and that is better than being shod with gold."

Mollie started. "How funny you should

say that! Why, I've been wishing I could have gold shoes for the party!"

"Never mind the golden shoes, dearie, so long as you are shod with kindness, that is better than being shod with gold. Kindness means gold, too, very often; for Nannie is worth gold to me."

Mollie ran back the way she had come, and once looking down at her little black shoes, there seemed to be a golden pattern on them woven by the sunlight.

Mollie smiled happily to herself. "I shall remember that. At any rate, I can always wear the shoes of kindness," she thought.

Flushed and rosy with running, she reached Nellie's home and found the party already seated round the table waiting for tea, but none of the pink and white cakes and cream buns had gone.

"The others said you were on the way," said Nellie's mother, "so we decided to wait for you. Now we can all begin."



So the party after all was one of the nicest Mollie had ever been to, and she enjoyed it just as much as if she had been wearing the fairy golden shoes.

How well can you tell what you read about each of the following parts?

1. What Mollie read in her book.
2. Mollie's wish.
3. What happened on the way to the party.
4. Mollie took Nannie home.
5. Mollie arrives at the party.

INCREASING LIST PUZZLE

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 15.

Add one more word of the same kind to each of the lists below. See number one. Write these words on your paper opposite the numbers of the lines.

The list of words at the bottom of the page contains all the words you will need.

1. deer, foxes	<i>elephants</i>
2. gun, sword	
3. spoons, forks	
4. silk, flannel	
5. gold, silver	
6. candle, torch	
7. autumn, winter	
8. cakes, buns	
9. goat, mules	
10. table, bed	
11. stream, brook	
12. dozen, hundred	
13. hunter, woodman	
14. hall, room	
15. frock, sash	

LIST OF WORDS

fruit, chamber, shoes, thousand, river, lantern, linen, elephants, summer, chair, tin, knives, ax, tea, farmer, horses.

LITTLE CAT

This is a good tale which I think you will enjoy. As you read the story try to see if there is something important you can learn from it.

NIGHT

It was a sweet summer night, and as lovely a sight as ever you saw was the moon. It lighted the sky as it floated on high like a wonderful silver balloon. But all the good people were snug in their beds while visions of sugar plums danced through their heads. Little Cat walked down the street, swinging his cane and walking on his hind legs like a



little gentleman. It was a pleasure to be out at night when there were no humans to look at him, and he could walk on his hind legs without attracting attention.

“They think I’m asleep in my basket,” said Little Cat to himself, “and here I am out taking a walk and enjoying the beauties of nature. What fun! What fun! Much they know about what I do when they’re sound asleep.”

BEAVER BROOK

Now the house where Little Cat lived was in a suburb, and right on the edge of the suburb. A road led into the country where there were fields and flowers and trees, and hills and brooks, and anybody who enjoyed nature could have a very good time indeed. If you kept along the road to the cross roads, which was about a mile beyond Beaver Brook, and then took the road to the left, and then another road to the left, and then another

road to the left, you came back where you had started, and this made a very good country walk.

So Little Cat walked down the road toward Beaver Brook, and the moon was so bright it made things light wherever he cared to look. He purred a song as he marched along, and happy indeed was he, till he came at last where the brook ran past, just under an apple tree.

“Dear me! Dear me!” exclaimed Little Cat. “It didn’t look like that the last time I was here. Some of those careless humans have been having a picnic! I am disturbed! I am disturbed!”

It was no wonder at all that Little Cat was disturbed. Anybody who enjoyed nature would have been disturbed. The last time he had come by Beaver Brook it had been as neat and pretty a place as you would want to see, with a green open space just off the road, and the old apple tree, and the brook flowing. It

had been worth walking a long way just to look at.

But now it wasn't neat at all. There were paper bags on the grass, and empty pasteboard boxes that used to have crackers in them, and empty tin cans that used to have food in them, and an old newspaper that the wind had blown here and there, and there and here, till it was all over the place.

"We must tidy it up," said Little Cat. "We must tidy it up. I will go back and get Wow."

HE WAKES WOW

Little Cat hurried back toward home till he came to the Smith's house. There he turned in at the gate, and went round the Smith's house till he came to the dog house in which Wow, the Smith's dog, lived when he was at home. He knocked on the dog house with his cane, and dog Wow put his head out through the door.



“Good evening, Little Cat,” said Wow.
“You woke me up. Anything the matter?”

“Good evening, Wow,” said Little Cat.
“The humans have been having another picnic at Beaver Brook.”

“Left it all cluttered up, I suppose,” said Wow, coming out of house. “Oh! they make me growl!”

"You'll growl when you see it," said Little Cat. "Tin cans! Newspapers! Paper boxes! All over everything. Sometimes I wish nobody had ever invented those picnics."

"Oh, it isn't so bad as all that, Little Cat," said Wow. "Picnics are all right. Lots of humans have picnics, and the place is just as pretty afterwards as it was before. I think more and more of them are tidying up after they've had a picnic."

"I hope so, I hope so," said Little Cat. "But what we've got to do now is to tidy the place up."

So Little Cat and Dog Wow went back to Beaver Brook. Little Cat walked on his hind legs like a gentleman, and Dog Wow walked on all four feet, just as he did in the day time, because if he had walked on his hind feet he would have been so tall that they couldn't have talked comfortably. As they went along they talked about this and that, but chiefly about how they were going to tidy up Beaver

Brook where the humans had been having a picnic. They were very well pleased to have the world all to themselves and nobody awake to look at them.

"They think I'm asleep in my basket and you're asleep in your dog house," said Little Cat. "But here we are, out enjoying nature, and making ourselves useful keeping it tidy and pretty to look at. What fun! What fun!"

"It's more fun than chasing up a tree," said Wow. "It often bores me to chase you up trees."

"It's expected of us," said Little Cat, "and we have to do it. But much they know about us when they're all in bed and asleep!"

"One good thing about it," said Wow, "there's a real dump not very far off."

A SAD SIGHT

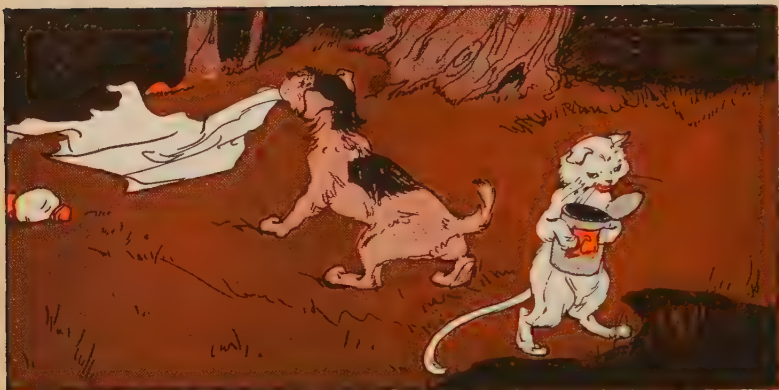
"I don't know what we'd do without that real dump," said Little Cat. "We have to put those old tin cans and paper bags somewhere."

Along the moonlit road they went and came to Beaver Brook, and at those paper bags and cans Wow cast an angry look.

“When I see humans act like that,” said Dog Wow with a scowl, “I think it is excusable to growl and growl and growl.”

“The important thing,” said Little Cat, “is to tidy it up. You take that big can and I’ll take this little one, and let’s see which can get to the dump first.”

Now the real dump was just off the road, where people going by couldn’t see it, and it was in a big hole which had been left when gravel was dug out to improve the streets. Little Cat laid down his cane, and began pushing and rolling an empty tin can out in the road, and Dog Wow began rolling another empty can. Each rolled his tin can to the real dump, and then they came back for two more tin cans. After they had pushed and rolled all the empty cans to the real dump, they



dragged all the empty pasteboard boxes and all the paper bags and all the pieces of newspaper to the same place. It took quite a long time, but at last everything had been carried to the real dump.

"That looks more like itself," said Dog Wow, looking at the place they had tidied up. "I've always said Beaver Brook was such a pretty place, and I don't see why the humans are willing to spoil it."

"I guess they don't know any better," said Little Cat, picking up his cane and standing on his hind legs again like a little gentleman.

"But there are all sorts of humans. Lots of them stop and have picnics and then tidy up and carry away the cans and boxes."

Then Dog Wow and Little Cat returned home, very well pleased with themselves, Dog Wow to his comfortable house, and Little Cat to his basket. As Little Cat curled himself up he heard old Grandfather Clock in the hall saying that it was four o'clock in the morning.

"Almost daylight," said Little Cat to himself. "They'll think I've been asleep all night, and I've been out tidying up Beaver Brook after a picnic. What fun! What fun!"

—By *Ralph Bergengren.*

There are four parts to this story.

Give the name to each part. Have your teacher write the names of each part on the blackboard as you tell her.

Now take turns and tell all you can remember about each part. The other children will tell you how well you have remembered the story.

WORDS THAT MEAN THE SAME

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 14.

In each line find the word which means the same as the first word of that line.

Write this word on your paper opposite the number of the line.

1. silly	foolish	wise	bird
2. shivered	shook	gentle	thoughtful
3. torches	lightning	lights	thunder
4. room	chamber	hall	table
5. deer	troop	wand	stag
6. slippers	wise	shoes	sword
7. linger	wait	kind	purred
8. city	country	town	truck
9. village	street	farm	town
10. pony	goat	horse	cow
11. entrance	roof	edges	door
12. neat	empty	tidy	space
13. humans	fairies	beasts	people
14. daylight	morn	sunset	noon

Score equals the number right.

THE OGRE THAT PLAYED JACKSTRAWS

Once there was a terrible giant ogre, who lived in a huge castle that was built right in the middle of a valley. All men had to pass by it when they came to the king's palace on the rock at the head of the valley. They were all terribly afraid of the ogre, and ran as fast as they could when they passed. When they looked back, as they were running, they could see the ogre sitting on the wall of his castle; and he scowled at them so fiercely that they ran as fast as ever they could.

The ogre had a head as large as a barrel, and great black eyes sunk deep under the long, bushy eyebrows. When he opened his mouth they saw that it was full of teeth, and so they ran away faster than ever, without caring to see anything more.

The king wanted to get rid of the ogre. He

sent his men to drive the ogre away and tear down his castle. But the ogre scowled at them so savagely that their teeth began to fall out and they all turned back and said they dare not fight such a horrid creature.

Next Roger, the king's son, rode his black



horse Hurricane up against the door of the ogre's castle and struck hard against the door with his iron glove. Then the door opened and the ogre came out. Seizing Roger in one hand, and the great black horse in the other, he rubbed their heads together; and while he did this he made them very small. Then he tumbled them over the wall into the garden.

'They crawled through a hole in the garden fence and ran home, Roger one way and Hurricane the other. Neither dared tell the king nor any one else where he had been, nor what the ogre had done to him. But it was two or three days before they became large again.

THE CANNON DOES NOT HARM THE OGRE

Then the king sent out some men with a cannon to batter down the walls of the ogre's castle. But the ogre sat on the wall and caught the cannon balls in his hand and tossed them

back at the cannon so that they broke the wheels and scared away all the men. When the cannon sounded, the ogre roared so loudly that all the windows in the king's palace were broken. The queen and all the princesses went down into the cellar and hid among the sugar barrels and stuffed cotton in their ears till the noise should stop.

Whatever the king's men tried to do, the ogre made it worse and worse. At last no one dared to go out into the valley beside the ogre's castle, and no one dared to look at it, because, when the ogre scowled, all who saw him dropped to the ground with fear and their teeth began to fall out. When the ogre roared, there was no one who could bear to hear it.

So the king and all his men hid in the cellar of the castle with the queen and the princesses, and stuffed their ears full of cotton; and the ogre scowled and roared and had his own way.

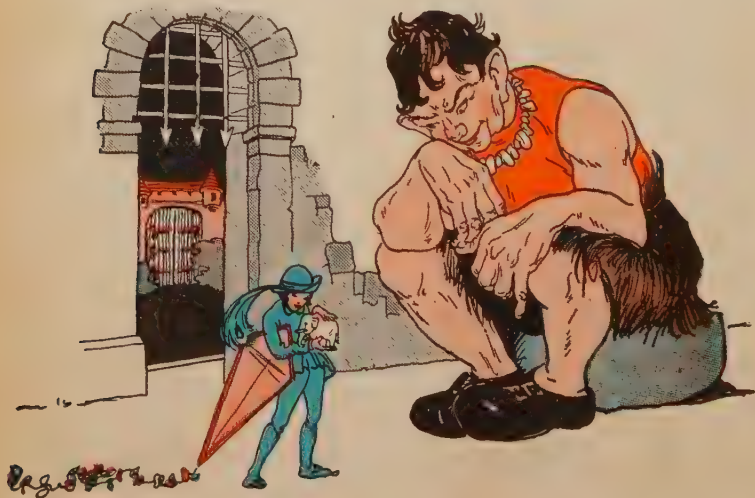
PENNYROYAL

But there was one little boy named Pennyroyal, who tended the black horse Hurricane; and he was not afraid of anything because he was a little boy. Pennyroyal said he would go see the ogre and tell him to go away. They were all so scared that they could not ask him not to go.

So Pennyroyal put on his hat, filled his pockets with marbles, and took his kite under arm, and went down the valley to the castle of the ogre. The ogre sat on the wall and looked at him, but the little boy was not afraid and so it did the ogre no good to scowl. Then Pennyroyal knocked on the ogre's door, and the ogre opened it and looked at the little boy.

"Please, Mr. Ogre, may I come in?" said Pennyroyal. The ogre opened the door; and the little boy began to walk around the castle looking at all the things. There was one room filled with bones, but the ogre was,

ashamed of it, and did not want the little boy to see it. So when Pennyroyal was not looking, the ogre just changed the room and made it small, so that instead of a room full of bones it became just a box of jackstraws. The big elephant he had there to play with he made into a lap-elephant, and the little boy took it in his hand and stroked its tiny tusks and tied a knot in its tail. Everything that could frighten the little boy the ogre made small and pretty, so that they had great times together.



By and by the ogre grew smaller and smaller. He took off his ugly old face with the long teeth and bushy eyebrows and dropped them on the floor and covered them with a wolf-skin. Then he sat down on the wolf-skin and the little boy sat down on the floor beside him, and they began to play jackstraws with the box of jackstraws that had been a room full of bones.

The ogre had never been a boy himself, so jackstraws was the only game he knew how to play. The elephant he had made small snuggled down between them on the floor. As they played with each other, the castle itself grew small and shrank away until there was just room enough for them and for their game.

When the ogre stopped roaring, the king's men, up in the palace, looked out and saw that the ogre's castle was gone. Then Roger, the king's son, called for Pennyroyal. But when he could not find the boy, he saddled the black horse Hurricane himself and rode down the

valley to where the ogre's castle had been. When he came back he told the king that the ogre and his castle were all gone. Where the castle stood there was nothing left but a board tent under the oak tree, and in the tent there were just two little boys playing jackstraws, and between them on the ground lay a candy elephant.

That was all. For the terrible ogre was one of that kind of ogres that will do to folks just what folks do to them. There isn't any other kind of ogre.

—David Starr Jordan.

Adapted from the Book of Knight and Barbara. Used by permission of D. Appleton & Company, New York City.



MAKING THINGS AND THINGS TO DO

HOW TO SET A TABLE

Everyone needs to know how to set a table. Many of us set the table every day.

Place the center of the tablecloth in the center of the table, having the folds straight with the edge of the table.

Place a plate, right side up, for each person, having them arranged evenly around the table.

Place the knife, with sharp edge toward the plate, on the right side.

Place the fork with tines up, at the left side.

Place the teaspoons, with the bowls up, to the right of the knife.

Place the tumbler, top up at the right, just at the top of the knife. Never fill glasses and cups more than three-fourths full.

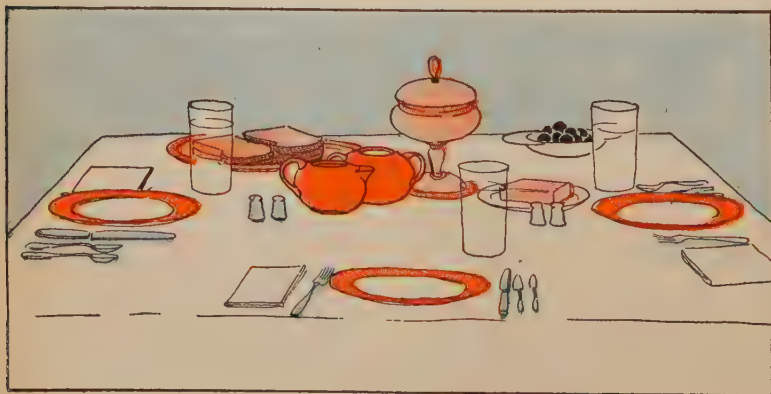
Place the napkin, neatly folded, at the left. The open corner should be toward the person.

Place several large spoons at each end of the table.

Place salt, pepper, vinegar, oil, jelly, pickles, etc., inside the line of plates.

Arrange chairs at a sufficient distance from the table so they need not be drawn out when people are to be seated.

Do you set a table correctly? Draw a picture and show where everything belongs on the table. Then be sure you do it right at home. Can you find anything wrong in the picture below?



OPPOSITE GAME

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 20.

In each line below find a word which means the *opposite* of the first word in the line. Write these *opposite* words on your paper at the right of the line numbers.

- | | |
|-------------|--------------------------|
| 1. cold | clear, tired, warm |
| 2. little | pretty, big, pleasant |
| 3. happy | harm, sad, tormented |
| 4. dry | cold, warm, wet |
| 5. opened | sent, shut, waters |
| 6. dark | light, bird, rain |
| 7. forgot | bones, beast, remembered |
| 8. morn | days, kind, night |
| 9. rich | poor, alive, evil |
| 10. early | late, high, market |
| 11. right | top, left, forth |
| 12. wrong | pain, cheek, right |
| 13. first | last, second, third |
| 14. better | worse, best, die |
| 15. front | side, back, opened |
| 16. low | high, down, under |
| 17. punish | destroy, promise, reward |
| 18. evening | years, morning, night |
| 19. earth | sea, tree, ground |
| 20. young | wide, clean, old |

Score equals the number right.

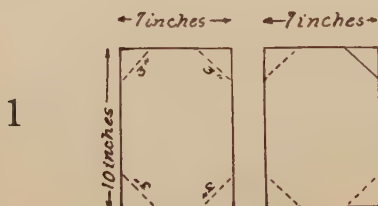
HOW WELL CAN YOU FOLLOW DIRECTIONS?

A JAPANESE KITE

Take a large piece of wrapping paper.

Cut two oblongs, ten by seven inches.

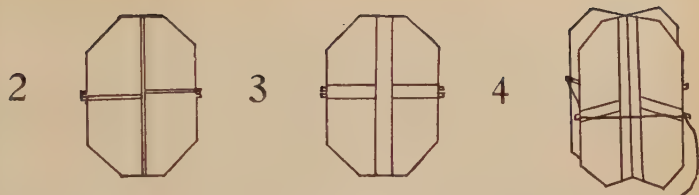
Cut off all the corners by a slanting line of three inches. See picture 1.



Fold each oblong lengthwise. Place the folded edges back to back, still folded.

Cut two thin slats eight inches long and one-fourth inch wide from pasteboard.

Lay one slat across the center over the oblong at the right and under the oblong at the left. Lay the other slat over the left oblong and under the right one. See picture 2.

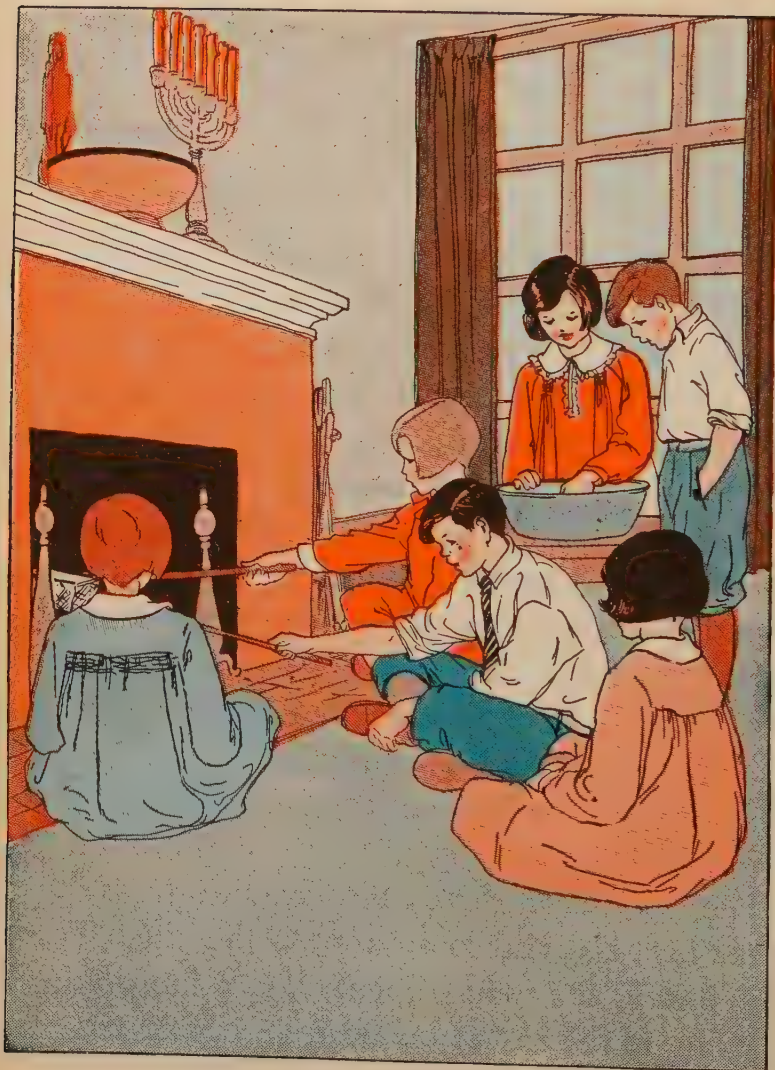


Take two strips of paper seven inches long and one inch wide. Paste these two strips over the slats, one on each side of the oblongs. This will hold the slats in place.

Cut two strips of paper ten inches long and one inch wide. Paste one of these strips from the top to the bottom of the folded oblongs to hold them together. Turn the oblongs over and paste the other strip from top to bottom. See picture 3.

Take hold of the sides and open the kite. Now you have a four-winged Japanese kite.

Fasten a strong, thin cord to the end of one slat and wrap the cord three times around it. Wrap the cord three times around the end of the next slat and so on around the kite. This will hold the wings open. Tie a long flying string to the end of one slat. See picture 4.



POP CORN BALLS

There are few American children who need to be told how to pop corn. They see it done before they are able to do it themselves.

But this delightful pastime is not known to many children outside of the United States.

If you do not have a corn popper, you can pop corn quickly by putting a tablespoonful of lard or butter in a deep kettle. When it is hot drop in a cupful of corn. Shake the corn to keep it from burning, and in a short time the kettle will be full of the white fairy-like kernels. Salt can be sprinkled over the corn.

To make popcorn balls, use

2 cups of sugar	1 teaspoonful of
1 cup of molasses or syrup	vinegar
Butter size of an egg	

Boil together the sugar, molasses, vinegar and butter. Cook until it hardens when dropped in water. Pour as quickly as possible over 8 quarts of popped corn. Mould into balls.

If made with strawberry syrup, the color will be a beautiful red.

HOW TO MAKE BIRD HOUSES

When spring comes along and the birds begin to arrive, searching for homes, you may perhaps get out your tool kit with the remark, "Wouldn't it be nice if Jenny Wren and Lady Bluebird would nest around our place this season! I'll make some houses that will invite them."

What fun it is to make a bird house, for you are building something not only attractive, but useful and friendly!

There are three different kinds of bird houses, as you may have noticed:

1. Those made of sawed lumber.
2. Rustic ones, made of slabs of wood with the bark left on; or of pieces of tree trunk split, hollowed out, and screwed together again; or of sawed wood trimmed with bark or twigs.
3. Cement or stucco houses (which the birds do not like quite so well).

Some people make elaborate bird houses modeled after Washington's home at Mount Vernon, or Lincoln's log cabin. These are great fun to build, but experience shows that little birds like best the simple houses they had before towns and cities crowded everywhere.

The entrance to any house you build should be just the size for the bird who is invited in, and should slant slightly upward to keep the rain out.

With ordinary tools and a length of one-half inch pine, (lumber weathered out of doors is best) you can make simple houses for wrens and bluebirds. It is a good thing to draw your patterns all out on the board, then saw the pieces along the lines. Be sure that the ends are square and true, so that when you nail your house together you will have no cracks through which rain and wind can enter. One piece of your house can be screwed on, rather than nailed, so that you

can take it off and clean house at the end of the season.

A coat of gray, brown, dull green, or white paint will protect the wood from the weather but leave an unpainted space around the entrance. Some builders make sure that the houses are dry by nailing a strip of tin along the ridge of the roof, but this is not necessary if your edges fit well.

If you make your house of slabs of wood with the bark left on, it is well to drive in small nails to keep the bark from splitting off with the weather. Twig and bark coverings of houses made of sawed lumber, are also nailed on.

In placing your finished house where a tenant will wish to occupy it, turn the opening away from the direction from which storms and winds most often come and hang or tilt the house so that rain will not run in at the entrance. A house should be so located that cats and squirrels cannot get at it.

For other points about location a good bird book is helpful--some birds liking special

trees, certain heights from the ground, open spaces, nearness of bushes, etc. You can set out your houses any time during April for early families, and because so many birds nest twice during the season, you will be likely to have little tenants in houses placed as late as May or June.

There are many interesting designs which you may find. Probably a store, club, or school near your home has an exhibit from which you can get ideas. Catalogues from bird-house dealers who advertise in various magazines will give you more designs. There is a book called "Bird Houses Boys Can Build," by Siepert, published by the Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill. The United States Department of Agriculture, Division of Publications, Washington, D. C., has a pamphlet for 15 cents called "Fifty Common Birds" (Bulletin No. 513); and another, which is free, containing all sorts of plans and designs with advice on locations, "Bird Houses and How To Build Them" (Bulletin No. 609).

OPPOSITE GAME

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 20.

In each line below find a word which means the *opposite* of the first word in the line.

Write these *opposite* words on your paper at the right of the line numbers.

1. wide	narrow	deep	quiet
2. round	slanting	square	straight
3. sober	simple	gay	slant
4. princess	gentlemen	prince	maids
5. sister	mother	brother	woman
6. son	daughter	wife	parents
7. sold	shut	bought	head
8. summer	autumn	spring	winter
9. country	city	pond	lake
10. giants	geese	dwarfs	rats
11. foot	head	ears	nose
12. heavy	safe	strong	light
13. simple	attractive	different	elaborate
14. rough	smooth	found	hard
15. thin	plenty	fine	fat
16. ripe	gray	green	orange
17. front	hurt	found	hind
18. top	strong	bottom	weak
19. swift	proud	slow	lighter
20. wept	laughed	wild	open

Score equals the number right.

OUT-OF-DOOR ADVENTURES

LILY, THE BLACK BEAR, AND HER CUBS

Adapted from F. W. Schmoe, "Avalanche Lily and Her Cubs." *Nature Magazine*, June, 1925.

THE TWO CUBS

Lily was a big black bear who had been sleeping all winter in the mountains. Early in April she came into camp very thin and hungry after her long fast. Perhaps she wished to find out if she would receive a welcome from us. At any rate, she came back the next day, this time poking before her nose two ragged little cubs. They were awkward little fellows about the size of house cats, with short fur and heads and ears entirely too large for their bodies. One was black like his mother, but the other was brown.

Lily was very careful with her cubs. When she came within a short distance of the camp, she told the twins to climb to the first branches



of a tall fir tree and stay there until she called for them. Then she came on to the camp and asked for food. She ate everything we gave her and then returned to the tree, from which the cubs had not stirred, and called upon them to come down. We think that this was the conversation:

“Come down, now; time to go home.” There was no answer from the balls of fur seventy feet above. Perhaps they did not hear.

“Come down, I say.” This time more loudly. Grunts and whines from above which meant, “We don’t want to. We are afraid we shall fall.”

“If you two don’t come down right away I’ll come up and get you.” Then Lily would climb up the tree and make the cubs come down.

Every day for a week the same thing happened. Early every afternoon Lily and her cubs appeared from behind a big rock, took

a look around and then went to the big fir tree. The cubs were sent above to remain until the mother got food or until it grew dark. The conversation at the fir tree always followed and the mother always had to climb the fir tree to bring down the cubs.

The two little cubs were awkward on the ground but they had no trouble in climbing trees. They seemed to like this particular tree with the first branches seventy feet above the ground. They enjoyed going up the tree but they did not enjoy coming down. A bear always backs down a tree like a cat, so perhaps they were afraid because they were not able to see the road coming down.

THE CUBS MAKE FRIENDS

As time went on, the cubs grew more friendly and finally the family became very much at home around the camp. The mother would spend her time eating or begging for more food while the cubs enjoyed climbing over

logs or rocks or having a friendly fight over some bit of food. The family were so much at home that they became troublesome. They were there from morning till night asking for food.

The grocery bills went higher and higher and finally it was hinted that Lily and her cubs might at least try to help themselves. This the bears did, but still from the camp kitchen. In the middle of the night every one was startled from sleep by the crash of a window and when they ran to see what was the matter, they found Lily and her cubs helping themselves in the pantry. This time Lily received a very strong hint that she would not be welcome any more.



BLACKIE

The next day the brown cub came down the trail alone. From that time on the little fellow seemed to be forgotten by his mother. She and the little black cub appeared at a camp five miles above ours. When the auto campers began to arrive at this other camp, along with them came the mother bear and her small black son whom everybody began to call Blackie. Lily and Blackie would allow their pictures to be taken only when food was offered.

A pony guide who tried to pet Blackie declared that he had lost all interest in bears. When any trouble threatened the mother bear, Blackie would take to the nearest tree and the chattering that he could do on such occasions reminded one of an angry squirrel. He wanted to help his mother from a safe distance.

Blackie, like all bears, was very curious. He was forever prying into boxes or carrying

away something from the 'camp. One day he picked up a knapsack laid down by a tired camper and scampered away with it. When the owner gave chase, the mother, thinking her cub was in danger, joined in the chase. The camper decided that he would do without his knapsack.

The favorite playground of the bears was a little open meadow just below the camp where there was a lot of fine grass and two or three small ponds. The two bears had great times together on this meadow. Some time was usually spent in bathing and chasing frogs in the ponds. Sometimes the poor little



cub suffered a lot of rolling and cuffing from his mother. A man would have thought the play was too rough, but Blackie seemed to enjoy it.

BROWNIE

Now what happened to the little brown cub? Every one felt so sorry for the little fellow because his mother had left him that they decided to capture him and take him to the hotel where the cook could care for him. He would be a great attraction to the tourists and so draw trade. They arranged for a truck and found Brownie's hiding place.

A pint of syrup was next thought of because all bears like honey and syrup better than anything else. With Brownie eating eagerly out of the syrup can it seemed an easy matter to lay hold of him. It was, but things began to happen and happen so quickly that the man who had caught hold of Brownie was glad to let him go. A few days later another man decided to try his hand at capturing Brownie.

At first he thought he would rope Brownie but he was afraid of hurting him, so he tried the box trap. A large packing box was placed on its edge and the bear coaxed to it with pieces of bacon. When Brownie began to eat the bacon the box was quickly turned over him. Immediately the happy man fell on the box, only to find that the box was not there and the cub was well on his way up the nearest tree. He was a perfect little whirlwind, with a lot of strength for his size in spite of his butter ball appearance.

After this they did not expect to see the little brown bear again, but in a few days he was at the camp again, drinking his can of condensed milk as happy as ever. They decided that they would not capture Brownie. They would let him be free and happy as a little brown bear has a right to be.

That fall we saw the last of Brownie. On September fifteenth he was playing around the camp. On September sixteenth no brown

bear came. No one ever saw him again. Perhaps Brownie thought that it was time to learn to make his own living. Perhaps he thought it was time to find his first winter den where he would sleep until spring.



THE PICNIC

All of you have been on a picnic. This story tells about two boys who went on a picnic. As you read find out if this picnic was like any you ever attended.

It was a quiet afternoon in summer. Grandma sat on the big back porch sewing. Little Jimmie and Donald were playing in the front yard. Suddenly they came running around the corner of the house calling "Grandma, Grandma, we have a plan."

"What is your plan?" asked Grandma, laying down her sewing.

"We are going to have a picnic supper down in the pasture by the creek. And we are going to cook it. Won't that be fun?"

"My, my," said Grandma, "what do you want me to give you to cook?"

"Potatoes," said Jimmie.

"Bacon," said Donald.

"And eggs," said Jimmie.

"This is going to be a fine picnic," said Grandma as she hustled around getting things ready.



First she cut some thin slices from a large piece of bacon and wrapped them in a piece of oiled paper. This she put in a round basket. Then she went to the pantry and brought six nice potatoes. She washed them and put them in beside the bacon. From the icebox Grandma got a big loaf of bread and cut off ten slices. How good they looked with the yellow butter spread on! She wrapped these

carefully in oiled paper and put them into the basket. Then she went to the cooky jar and brought out six big round cookies that Aunt Sue had made the day before. These went in the basket with the other food.

"My boys must have some milk to drink," said Grandma as she filled a bottle full of rich creamy milk and packed it and two mugs into the basket.

"Now let me see," said Grandma, "what else do I need?"

"Why the eggs of course," she said.

"Here they are, Grandma," shouted Jimmie and in he ran with four eggs that he had found in one of the nests.

"Fine," said Grandma.

"I guess we will need a frying pan," said Donald. Grandma went into the pantry and got a small frying pan and a large spoon and fork.

Off the boys went to the pasture. Little Jimmie carried the frying pan, the spoon, and

the fork. Donald carried the lunch basket and something else that you could never guess. It was a big piece of tin that he had found in the junk heap.



It was a pretty spot in the pasture that they chose for their picnic. The place was near the stream and was level with sweet briar bushes growing here and there. Little Jimmie always called it the "Sweet Briar Meadow." On either side of the Sweet Briar Meadow there were low hills which shut Jimmie and Donald off from everything. They couldn't see even the house or barn.

When they found this spot they began to dig a hole on a bit of sloping ground. When it was about a foot deep they built a fire in it and laid the piece of tin over it. They left a little hole at the top for the smoke to get out. Very soon the tin got hot. Little Jimmie put the frying pan on it and put the bacon in the frying pan. MY! how good the bacon smelled. When the bacon was done, Donald fried the eggs. I'm afraid the potatoes weren't ready to eat when the bacon and eggs were. They had to cook much longer in hot ashes. The boys were so hungry they could not wait for the potatoes so they ate their bacon and eggs, and drank their milk.

Two tired boys gathered all their things together when they were through eating. They were very careful to put out the fire. It was nearly dark when they reached the farmhouse.

And two boys were ready to go to bed and to sleep.

—*Grace E. Storm.*

Read aloud the parts of this story which tell the following things:

1. At what time of the day and year did this story occur?
2. What was the boys' plan?
3. What did Grandmother give Jimmie and Donald?
4. Why was the pasture called "Sweet Briar Meadow?"
5. How did the boys make their fire?
6. Why didn't the boys eat the potatoes?
7. How do you know the boys were careful?
8. What did you learn from this story that you can use when you go on your next picnic?



HAVING FUN BY DOING THINGS

GUESSING NOSES

Did you ever try to guess whose nose belonged to whom?

Hang a cloth or a heavy piece of paper in front of a doorway. Half of the children should be in a dark room. The rest should be in a light room.

Cut a V-shaped hole in the cloth. Let the children in the dark room place their noses through it, one by one, while those in the light room guess whose nose it is.

When a right guess is made, the owner of the nose must join the guessers. But should the guess be wrong the one making it must join the players in the dark room.

Would you like to play this game?

Read the directions. Without looking in the book can you tell how to play the game?

HOW TO TURN A GLASS OF WATER UPSIDE DOWN WITHOUT SPILLING IT

This is a trick which a boy or girl can do with just a little practice. These are the directions. Read them carefully.

Put some water in a glass. The glass may be full or only partly full.

Cut out a piece of paper a little larger than the top of the glass. The paper should be smooth and not too thin.

Press the paper down on the glass. Hold the paper against the glass while you turn the glass upside down. Be sure the paper touches the glass all the way round. Keep the glass straight.

Now take your hand away and the water will stay in the glass.

The first time you do this, it may be best to try it over a basin or other dish.

HOW TO MAKE A NEEDLE FLOAT ON WATER

A needle usually does not float when it is put into water. A piece of wood or a cork floats because either is lighter than water. Steel is heavier than water and so it sinks. But there is a way to make a needle float. You can do it if you follow these directions. You may have to try three or four times.

Get a pan or a dipper or a dish that is three or four inches deep and fill it nearly full of water.

Get a straight needle, not too large, and a piece of newspaper about three inches long and two inches wide.

Lay the needle on the paper and lay the paper on the water.

Let the paper soak up the water and then very slowly and carefully push the paper down under the water.

If you are very careful, the needle will stay on the top of water and will float as long as the water is quiet.

HOW TO MAKE A LEAD PENCIL STAND ON THE TIP

You may think the answer to our question is "Hold it up." But there is a way to make a pencil stand up by itself. You can do it if you will do these things.

Get a sharpened lead pencil, a piece of wire, and an apple or a potato.

You should find wire that can be bent fairly easily. The kind of wire that hairpins are made of will do. It may be made of iron or copper, but it should not be made of brass or steel for then it would be too springy. It should be about nine inches long.

First wind the middle of the wire twice around the lower part of the pencil about two inches from the end. Wind it tight so that it will not slip.

Have the two ends of the wire on opposite sides of the pencil.

Next bend the ends of the wire down so that the wire looks like a V upside down.

Then stick a piece of an apple or potato about as large as a walnut on each end of the wire.

Now set the tip of the pencil on your finger, on the back of a chair, or on a block of wood and it will stand up.

CROSSING OUT GAME

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 15. Some word does not belong in each of the following list of words. Find the word which does not belong in each list and write it on your paper.

1.

evening
morning
picnic
afternoon

2.

hundred
nineteen
bushes
thousand

3.

bacon
bread
cookies
basket

Crossing Out Game—Continued

4.	5.	6.
pan	bluebirds	vest
dipper	useful	breeches
dish	wrens	block
needle	owl	cap
7.	8.	9.
May	handsome	silk
June	surprised	linen
Niels	beautiful	enjoy
April	pretty	wool
10.	11.	12.
pine	geese	silver
fir	arm	gold
oak	hen	quiet
speed	chickens	steel
13.	14.	15.
autumn	twine	hills
summer	paper	mountains
winter	string	moon
journey	cord	valleys

Score equals the number right.

ON THE FARM

PICKING APPLES

One day in summer, Uncle Jim said to little Jimmie and Donald, "How would you like to pick apples today?"

"Fine!" said little Jimmie.

"Fine!" said Donald.

So they went out to the orchard. In the orchard grew many apple trees. Uncle Jim saw that the apples on one tree were ready to be picked. He got out the Ford truck and he and the boys climbed into the seat. They drove into the orchard until they came to the tree that had the ripe apples. They were red apples. Uncle Jim took a basket and climbed up into the tree. He picked the apples carefully and put them into the basket. When the basket was full, he emptied it carefully into the truck. Little Jimmie and Donald each took a basket and picked up all the apples on the ground. They emptied their baskets carefully on a pile.



When the truck was full, little Jimmie and Donald helped Uncle Jim take all the apples out of the truck. They put them into a big bin in the barn. Then they drove back to the orchard and gathered all the apples from another tree. They drove back to the barn and put these into a bin.

The apples which little Jimmie and Donald picked from the ground were also taken to the barn and put in a pile.

“What are we going to do with all the apples?” asked the boys.

“We are going to sort them,” said Uncle Jim.

“We will put the nicest apples from the bins into barrels. Those that are not quite so nice and big we will put in a pile on the floor. We will make another pile of those that have specks or holes in them. The apples which you boys picked up will be sorted. The best ones will be placed in a pile by themselves. Those that are bruised or have specks or holes in them will be put with those from the trees that were not good.

“We shall take the barrels filled with the nicest, biggest apples to the train to be shipped to the city for the people there to eat.”

“What will we do with the apples on the floor?” asked Donald.

“We shall eat some of them. We shall make cider out of some of them,” answered Uncle Jim.

“Good,” said Donald, “I like cider.”

“Some of them Aunt Sue will make into apple butter.”



“What will you do with the ones that have specks or holes in them?” asked little Jimmie.

“The cows and the horses and the pigs will be glad to have them,” said Uncle Jim.

That afternoon Uncle Jim put barrels of the nicest, biggest apples into the truck.

“Do you boys want to go to town with me?” he called to little Jimmie and Donald.

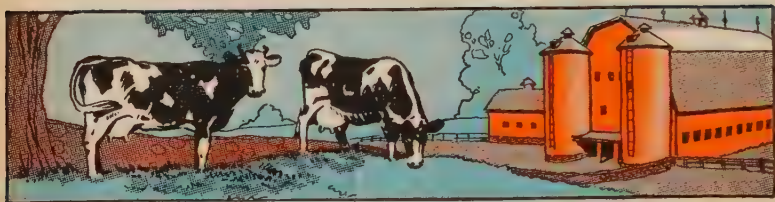
There was a shout and before Uncle Jim could say “Jack Robinson” both boys had climbed into the truck and little Jimmie had started the car.

So off they went with the barrels of the nicest, biggest apples for the people in the city.

Read aloud the parts of this story which tell the following things:

1. At what time of the year did this story happen?
2. Who went to pick apples?
3. What did Uncle Jim do?
4. What was done when the truck was full?
5. How were the apples sorted?
6. What was done with the different piles of apples?

FILLING THE SILO



JACK AND JANE

Jane and Jack liked to help Uncle Jim do many things on the farm. One thing they liked to do was fill the silo. All summer they played hide and seek among the tall stalks of corn. Uncle Jim had planted the corn early in the spring when it was warm. All summer it had been growing taller and taller.

At the end of summer Uncle Jim said, "It is time to fill the silo. The cows must have food during the winter. Squirrels store away nuts for the winter, but the cattle can't do that for themselves so we have to do it for them."

Jane knew the tall round building out by the barn. It looked something like a water

tower. There was a ladder on the outside of this building. Jane had often wanted to climb to the top of this ladder. She had noticed little doors all the way up. She had often wondered what the little doors were for.

Then came the day that Uncle Jim was to fill the silo. That morning many men came to Uncle Jim's house. Most of them brought wagons. They drove down to the cornfield. They began to cut down the tall stalks of corn. They cut the corn with long knives. Then they loaded the corn on the wagon.

One man brought a machine called a corn cutter. The corn cutter had a big place to hold the cornstalks. It had an engine that went "Puff, puff, puff." This little engine had to work hard for it had to cut up the cornstalks. Then the cutter had a long pipe that reached up into the silo. This pipe was made in several pieces. It looked like a stove pipe.



Jane watched the man who ran the corn cutter machine. He ran his engine up close to the silo. He fitted the pipe, making it long enough to reach over the top and down into the silo.

Soon came a man with a wagon full of cornstalks. He began to throw the cornstalks into the corn cutter. The corn cutter cut the corn and sent the cornstalks through the long pipe into the silo. Inside the silo were men tramping down the corn. As soon as the first man got his corn unloaded he went back to the cornfield. He cut another load of corn.

Just as soon as one man left the corn cutter, another man drove up with a load of corn. He put his corn into the cutter. The machine cut it up fine and blew it into the silo. Then the man went back to the field for another load of corn.

A TEAM OF MULES

Now came the third man with his load of corn. He drove a team of mules. Now the mules had never seen a corn cutter before. They had never heard the corn cutter's big, noisy engine. So they began to jump on their hind legs. Jane was afraid they were going to hurt the man who was driving them. But after a while they found that the big, noisy engine would not hurt them and finally they stood still. But the man had to wait a few minutes before he could unload for the silo was getting full. The men on the inside had to make the pipe shorter so that it would not touch the corn. As soon as the pipe was

fixed they started the engine and put in more corn.

When the man with the mules emptied his wagon it was dinner time, so the men unhitched their horses and fed them. Then they went into the house and had their own dinners. There were so many men at the table that it was just like a party. They had fried chicken, potatoes, tomatoes, salad, bread and butter, and apple pie. Don't you wish that you could have been there? As soon as they had eaten their dinner and rested a while, they went back to work.

The man who had brought the first load of corn in the morning was ready with his load again because he had cut it before dinner. When he got his corn unloaded, he went back to the field for another load. The second man unloaded his next load of corn and before you could say "Jack Robinson" here was the man with the mules back with another load.

The chickens liked the grains of corn that

dropped on the ground while the cutter was doing its work and were running about under the horses' feet picking up all they could find. The men had to keep shooing them away so that the horses would not step on them.

By and by they had to stop again to shorten the long pipe, for the men inside were almost to the top door, as the silo was getting full.

The men kept going to the field and getting a load of corn, putting it into the cutter, and going back for another load, until at last all the corn had been cut from the field and the silo was full. Then the men stopped the engine, took the long pipe down, and put the roof on the silo. Now the silo was filled and all ready for winter.

The cows did not have to go hungry with all that good food stored away for them. In winter when there was no grass to eat the farmer would go out to the silo, climb up the ladder, open one of the little doors and throw some of

the silage down the chute to the cows. The cows liked their food very much, so they gave the farmer rich milk all winter long.

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 11. Then write the answers to the questions below. You may use your books if you are not sure your answer is right.

1. What did Uncle Jim put in the silo?
2. Why did he want to fill the silo?
3. Draw the silo.
4. What did the corn cutter do?
5. Where did the men put the long pipe?
6. Who was inside the silo?
7. What did they do?
8. What did the men have for dinner?
9. Why did the chickens like to have the silo filled?
10. What did the men put on top of the silo and why?
11. How do you know the cows liked the silage?

THE HEART OF THE SUGAR MAPLE

Did you ever wonder where we get our sweet maple syrup and cakes of maple syrup? You will enjoy reading this story and will wish that you might help tap maple trees, too. Read carefully, for when you have finished you will be asked some questions.

No happier time comes to the folks of the farm, young and old, than when the maple sugar trees are tapped. From Grandfather and Grandmother down to the littlest tot, joy rules the day, for it is the first real work of the springtime, and it gives every one a chance to get out into the woods.

Father and the big boys washed the buckets into which the sweet sap will run. The big store tubs and troughs are in place. The evaporator has been thoroughly cleansed and put into the cabin ready for the blazing fire which will, in a day or two, make the arch roar like a furnace.

There comes a morning when Father says to the impatient boys and girls: "Now I think this seems like a sugar day. The wind is in the right quarter; it froze quite hard last night; the sun is going to shine bright, and I am sure the sap will run."

That is the signal for a grand hurrah and a scampering for caps and coats, for the wind still has a nipping air on these early spring mornings. Father hitches up the horses and loads some things that will be needed on the big bobsleds, and away the little procession goes to the woods. Songs, shouts, and watching for the first signs of spring make the way short and joyous.

With the auger and bitstock he has brought, Father bores a small hole a little more than two inches deep into the wood of the sugar maple. He can scarcely pull the bit out before there is a drip-drip of something that looks like water, but which is really the sweet sap.

“Where does the sap get its sweetness?” If Father has been asked that once he has a score of times, and always the best he can say is that all the year, through summer’s heat and winter’s cold the good old tree has been gathering it up, down in the dark places of the earth, out of the soil, which is the greatest mystery of all to the young folks.

Now Sue puts her lips down to the hole to catch the little stream which trickles from the maples, and because she does it all the rest



must do the same thing, one after another. So sweet! So strange!

Another day, and the buckets are full. The team and men drive from tree to tree gathering the sap in the big tanks on the bobsleds and drawing it to the house where it is boiled. The fire is started under the long evaporator, and soon the sap is boiling merrily, bubbling in billows that grow darker and darker as the day goes by and more of the sap is boiled in.

Away at the far end of the evaporator, the rich syrup flows out into a can, which Father attends to because he knows better than any of the rest when it is thick enough. By and by, it will be taken away to the house to be put into cans for the market, or boiled a little longer and made into the delicious maple sugar so much enjoyed.

1. At what time of the year are the maple trees tapped?
2. Why does Father bore a hole in the tree?
3. What is the evaporator for?
4. What are the big tanks on the bobsled for?
5. Why is the sap boiled?

POSSUM HUNTING AT GRANDPA'S

If you have never hunted for possum, you have missed lots of fun. Read about it and find out how it is done.

JACK AND JANE GO POSSUM HUNTING

One night in October Grandpa fed the cows and horses and came into the house. He sat down by the fireplace, filled the popper, and began to pop popcorn. Then he said:

"I am going possum hunting tonight."

"May we go with you?" said Jack and Jane.

"Yes," said Grandpa, "you may go if you will go down and get Sambo and his dogs."

Sambo knew more about possums than any white man will ever know. Sambo's dogs knew more about hunting possums than any fine dog will ever know.

An hour after dark Sambo and his dogs, Jack and Jane, and Grandpa were on their way. Sambo told them many stories about the possum.

The possum is hunted only in the fall. In the fall he gets plenty to eat and is fat. In the spring the baby possums are born. A mother possum will raise from six to twelve baby possums at one time. As soon as the babies are born the mother puts them in a big pocket under her stomach. In the pocket are little teats and each baby holds tight to one. The babies have no hair. They can not hear or see. In four or five weeks they are as big as mice and begin to come out of the mother possum's pocket. For weeks they are not able to go very far.



When mother possum gets ready to go on a trip, how do you suppose she carries them? She turns her long tail up over her back. The babies get on mother's back. Each little possum wraps its tail around her tail and holds to her fur with its feet.

"But Grandpa, aren't we going to find a possum tonight?" said Jack.

Grandpa thought so. Sambo was leading them to some persimmon trees. Possums like persimmons. Persimmons are ripe in October. During the day time the possum sleeps. At night he comes out to the persimmon tree, the berry patch, or the grape vine for his dinner. Sambo always went to such places.

SAMBO'S DOGS

"Bow-wow, bow-wow!" said Sambo's dogs. They were on the trail of the possum. Sambo was off at a run. Grandpa, Jack, and Jane were after him. "Bow-wow, bow-wow!" said the dogs. On and on they went. "Bow-wow, bow-wow!"

Sure enough, Sambo was right. Mr. Possum was down in the persimmon patch. When he heard "Bow-wow!" he climbed to the top of a persimmon tree. But "Bow-wow!" here came the dogs and found him. Then came Sambo. Behind him were Jack and Grandpa and Jane.

Sambo climbed the tree to shake Mr. Possum down. The possum wound his tail around



the limb and held tight with his feet. But Sambo knew possums. He climbed higher and higher and shook the tree harder and harder till he shook the possum down.

The dogs grabbed the possum and brought him to Grandpa. Jack and Jane were much excited. They thought the possum was dead. He wasn't dead at all. He was just playing dead. Possums do that way when they are caught and that's what "playing possum" means.

How do you suppose they carried that live possum home? Grandpa got a short stick and wound the possum's tail around it. Jack held one end and Jane the other as they carried the possum home.

Sambo wanted to kill the possum and cook him with sweet potatoes. He was very fond of possum and sweet potatoes, and he knew how to cook them as no white man can ever know. But Grandpa gave the possum to Jack and Jane for a pet.



IN OTHER LANDS

A JAPANESE GARDEN

Your teacher will read this poem to you. As she reads close your eyes and try to see this little Japanese garden. Could you draw it on the blackboard, putting in the pond, the gates, and other things?

A quaint, small, formal garden,
With a crooked, shallow stream,
And pond where lotus blossoms
In snowy splendor gleam;
Where little hills are builded
To get a view without,
With stepping stones in pathways,
And boulders strewn about.
Where stiff, dwarf trees are standing
In great pots, row on row;
Where peonies and iris,
And silver moonflowers grow;
There, near the great bronze lantern,
A bird pool, crystal clear,
And yonder, gates of bamboo
Close in its bit of cheer.

—*Janet Gargan.*

INDIAN POTTERY

This story tells how the Indians make their jars and bowls. Read carefully, for you will want to make some pottery, too.

Nampeo is the famous Hopi Indian pottery maker. She makes beautiful bowls and jars of clay. She goes out on the tableland or mesa where she lives and finds the clay. She cleans it well, for the clay has to be smooth before she can begin to work upon it. After she has taken out all the sticks and dirt she mixes water with it and kneads it as a baker kneads his dough. Sometimes Nampeo crushes broken bits of pottery and mixes it with the clay.

When the clay is ready to be used she rolls some of it into a ball. Then she rolls out long strips of it. These strips may be one-half or one-eighth of an inch wide. Perhaps she uses a basket to start the shape. She then coils the



clay round and round on the basket until the shape is started. As the coils of clay are laid on Nampeo pinches them together with her thumb and finger.

When the vessel is finished she rubs the outside and inside smooth. Then she polishes the surface with a pebble. Now the jar is put into the sun to dry. After it is dry she burns it in a kiln so that it can be used in cooking and then heat will not hurt it.

When she gets ready to burn it, she chooses a place away from the village, well sheltered from the wind. She stacks the jars and bowls

that she has made over a fire. She tends the fire very carefully making it burn slowly and with a steady heat. Then the pottery will burn evenly. When Nampeo is sure that they are baked she takes them out and lets them cool.

The next thing that Nampeo has to do to the vessel is to paint it. Most of the pottery is dark red, black, gray, and orange.

Nampeo finds red clay and makes paint from it. She finds stones and crushes them fine. Then she mixes the dust with water to make paint. Sometimes she uses soot for black. With these colors she paints beautiful scrolls on some of the pottery and strange figures on other pieces.

The Indians thought that the scroll was meant to be a whirlwind. They said, "When the wind blows hard there are figures in the sand. Some of them look like this  ." They thought that when there were lines going around a vessel there should be left an

opening so that the spirit of the pot could get out. If there was no opening the spirit might break the pot in getting out. Sometimes they used zig-zag lines which they said meant lightning. There were many deer where the Indians lived, so often they drew the picture of deer on their pottery.



You see above two pieces of pottery. The bowl was used for food. The jar is a water jar and is used by the Indian women for carrying water up the steep path to the village from below the mesa. Choose one of these two models and do as the directions tell you.

1. Look carefully at the piece of pottery you have chosen.
2. Take a piece of paper, fold it, and cut the shape. Do this several times.
3. When you have cut the vessel fairly well, take out your crayolas and draw the design.
4. Draw the vessel with pencil, looking at it when you draw it.
5. Draw it without looking at the picture.
6. Compare your drawing with the picture.
7. Draw it again if you are not satisfied with your picture.
8. Now put on the designs.
9. You are ready to model the piece of pottery that you have learned to draw.
10. Get some clay and knead it.
11. Make a soft ball.
12. Roll it into long strips about one-half inch wide.
13. Make your vessel, coil upon coil. You may use a tray to start it.
14. When you have finished, smooth it with a pebble.
15. Put it in a sunny place to dry.
16. When it has dried, paint the designs upon it.
17. If you have a kiln, bake your vessel.



KITE FLYING IN JAPAN

Write your name and grade on the first line of a sheet of paper. Number the lines from one to ten.

This story can be read silently in less than 2 minutes by the fastest readers. See how long it takes you to read it. Do not begin until your teacher says, "Begin." When you have finished, look up and note carefully the number which is being shown at that time on a large white card. Your teacher will show

a new number every half-minute. Write this number at the top of your paper. Your rate will be the number of words you read a minute. There are 212 words in this selection.

When you have copied your time on your sheet of paper, read carefully each sentence at the end of the story. Write "Yes" or "No" after each number on your paper.

This test will tell how rapidly you read and how well you understand what you have read. It will be helpful to you and to your teacher.

Boys and girls in Japan like to fly kites. There are many kites in the toy stores. They are made of paper, pasted to a framework of bamboo splints.

The kites are of many sizes, shapes, and colors. Some are like birds and animals. Some look like great fishes while others look like hawks and eagles, with wings that flap in the air and make a shrill sound.

Many of the kites make a humming noise while flying. Some will turn somersaults

when you jerk at the string. There are also kites that whistle and kites that fight.

The fighting kites may be as tall as a man. They are made of tough wood and strong paper. The string next to the kite is covered with glass, pounded fine and mixed with glue. The bits of sharp glass dry on the string and it cuts like a saw.

There are two or more kites in each fight. The boys try to bring the kites together and to make the strings cross. They jerk them this way and that way, until one string cuts another in two.

The boy whose kite stays up the longest is the winner. In some fights he has the right to the kite that falls to the ground.

1. All Japanese kites are made of silk.
2. Kites are sold in the toy stores in Japan.
3. Some of the Japanese kites look like birds, fishes, and animals.
4. Some kites in Japan look like airplanes.
5. Fighting kites are made of tough wood and strong paper.

6. The string next to the fighting kite is covered with glass.
7. There are only two kites in a fight.
8. Sharp glass is mixed with flour and put on the string of the kite.
9. The kite which falls first sometimes goes to the winner.
10. The boy whose kite falls first is the winner.

Score equals the number right.



JONAH AND THE WHALE

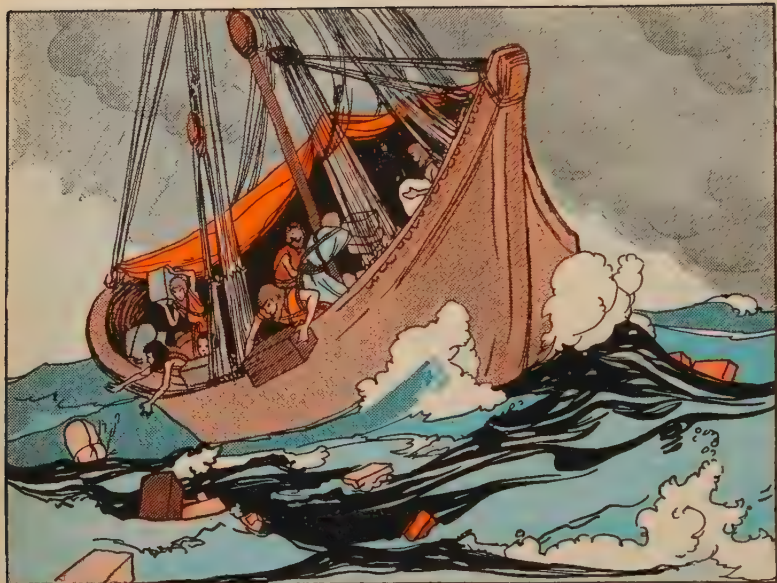
Why was Jonah afraid to go to Nineveh? How did God punish Jonah?

Read this story so that you can tell just what happened to Jonah.

God sent word to a man named Jonah to go to a great city called Nineveh. Now the people of Nineveh were very wicked and God wanted Jonah to tell them of their wickedness.

When Jonah heard the words of God he was frightened; for he knew how proud the people of Nineveh were. Besides, their king was very powerful. Jonah was afraid to go to Nineveh. In his fright, Jonah went down to the sea where he found a ship leaving port. He paid his fare and went aboard the ship. He wanted to get as far away from Nineveh as possible, so that he would not need to do what God had told him to do.

No sooner was the ship far out at sea than a terrible storm arose. God sent a great wind



and the ship seemed likely to be broken.

Then the sailors were afraid and began to pray. They threw everything that was in the ship into the sea, to lighten it.

Jonah did not know what was happening, for he was down in the ship fast asleep.

So the ship-master went to him and said: "How can you sleep in such a storm? Awake and pray to God to save us."

The sailors said there must be some guilty person on board, who had caused the storm. To find out who the person might be, they drew lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah.

Then the sailors cried out to Jonah: "Tell us, from where do you come? What do you do? What is your country? What has caused this storm to come upon us?"

Jonah then told the men what God had commanded him to do.

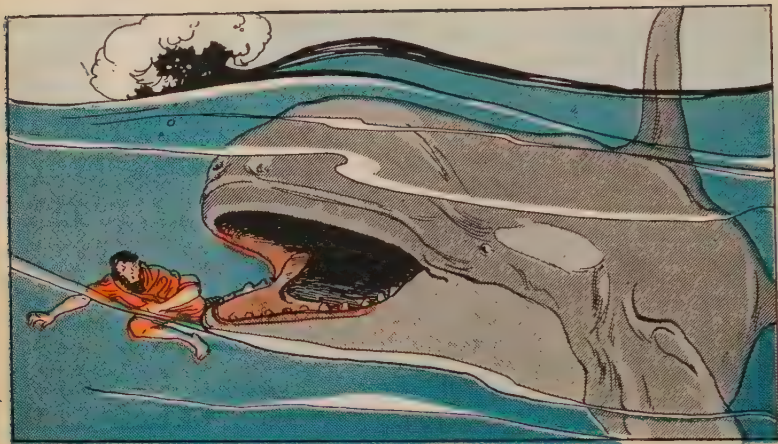
The sailors said to him: "What shall we do with you that the sea may be calm?"

Jonah answered them saying: "Take me up, and cast me into the sea. Then shall the sea be calm for I know that I have caused this great storm."

However, the men rowed hard to bring the ship to land, but they could not.

So they cast Jonah into the sea, and at once the sea stopped raging.

Now God had a great fish to swallow up



Jonah. And Jonah was in the body of the fish three days and three nights.

Jonah, who was still alive, prayed to God out of the body of the fish.

God had pity on Jonah and told the great fish to cast out Jonah upon the dry land.

Jonah was saved.

Then God came the second time to Jonah and said: "Go to Nineveh, that great city, and do as I have told you."

Jonah arose and went.

NOAH'S ARK

Long ago God found that all men had grown very wicked, and that the whole earth was full of evil.

When God saw that the people were growing so bad, he determined to destroy them. Only one family was to be spared, the family of Noah. Noah was a good and just man and found grace in the eyes of God.

So God said to Noah: "Behold, I will destroy all men and bring a flood of waters upon the earth. And everything that is in the earth shall die."

Then God told Noah to build a large boat or ark, in which he and his family were to go when the flood came.

Noah did as God told him and worked one hundred and twenty years before the ark was finished. The ark was made of wood and was covered within and without with pitch to keep out the water.



Noah made the ark with lower, second, and third stories, and with rooms in it as God had told him. The door was set in the side of the ark, with a window to see out.

Noah's neighbors laughed at him, but he paid no heed to them. He begged them to turn from their wicked ways, but they would not.

Then God said unto Noah: "Come into the ark and bring with thee thy wife, thy sons, and thy sons' wives. Take with thee also two of every living thing. Take with thee seven beasts of every kind that are clean and two

beasts of every kind that are not clean, and all the cattle after their kind, and every creeping thing of the earth after his kind, and every fowl after his kind, and every bird of every sort."

Noah then went into his ship with his wife, his sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, and their wives. There were eight human beings in the ark, besides the animals which entered.

There went in with Noah two and two of every beast, every kind of cattle, every fowl, and every bird as God had commanded him. So great was the throng of animals which pressed about the ark that it took them seven days to enter.

Then God shut Noah in.

Noah was six hundred years old when the flood of waters came upon the earth.

THE FLOOD

For forty days and forty nights the rain fell. The waters rose higher and higher and lifted

up the ark above the earth so that it floated upon the face of the waters.

All the high hills that were under the whole heavens were covered. The mountains were covered. Every living thing which was upon the face of the earth was destroyed. Noah alone remained alive, with his family and the animals which he had taken into the ark.

Then God remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the cattle that were with him in the ark. And God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the rain stopped.

After floating about for five months, the ark ran aground upon a mountain top; but two more months passed by before the other mountain tops rose out of the waters.

Forty days later Noah opened the window of the ark and sent out a raven to see if the waters were going down. But the bird did not return. Then he sent forth a dove which flew back, because she found no tree upon which to perch.



Later he sent forth the dove out of the ark again. And the dove came back to him in the evening, and in her mouth was an olive twig with young leaves. So Noah knew the waters were going down and that even low trees were now all uncovered and putting forth new leaves.

After waiting another week the ground was dry. Then God said to Noah: "Go forth out of the ark, thy wife, thy sons, and thy sons' wives, and every living thing that is with thee."

So Noah went forth, and all that were with him in the ark, both men and beasts.

The first thing Noah did, when he again set foot on dry ground, was to give thanks to God for saving him.

God was much pleased by Noah's act in giving thanks as soon as he came out of the ark. For this reason, he promised Noah that he would never send such a flood again as long as the earth lasted.

God told Noah that if men obeyed him he would watch over them and not destroy them. Then God sent the rainbow in the clouds to remind him of this promise.



Noah lived three hundred and fifty years after the flood and died when he was nine hundred and fifty years old.

—*The Bible.*

Read aloud the parts of this story which tell the following things:

1. When God decided to destroy the earth, what did he say to Noah?
2. Did Noah work a long time or a short time on the ark?
3. How was the ark built?
4. What did Noah take with him into the ark?
5. How long did the rain last?
6. About how long was Noah in the ark?
7. What was the first thing Noah did after he came out of the ark?
8. Was this the right thing to do? Why?
9. Has God kept his promise to Noah? How do you know?



A SEA DIVER

Men engage in many kinds of work. How would you like to do your work down under the sea? Read and find out how men who raise ships work.

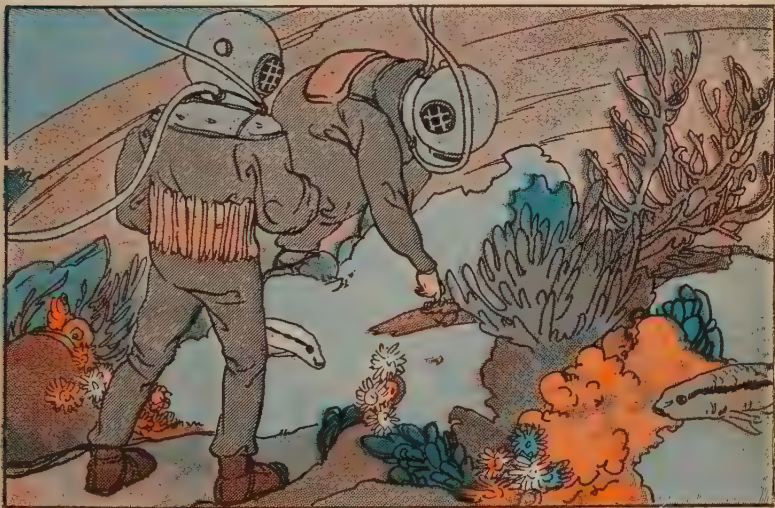
Read as fast as you can, but read carefully for you will be asked some questions when you have finished reading.

To walk on the bed of the ocean as you or I walk upon the land is the work of a diver. Some men make their living by diving under the sea to help raise ships that have gone to the bottom.

Water is heavy. Men who dive cannot withstand the awful weight without suits of very strong armor to protect themselves. Without this armor they could not breathe. Even with their diver suits men cannot go much deeper than one hundred feet.

In summer a diver wears underneath his rubber suit the same wool shirt and the thick

woolen socks that he wears in winter, for it is always cold at the bottom of the sea. He wears mittens in winter on his hands which are bare in summer. Gloves make work slow and awkward.

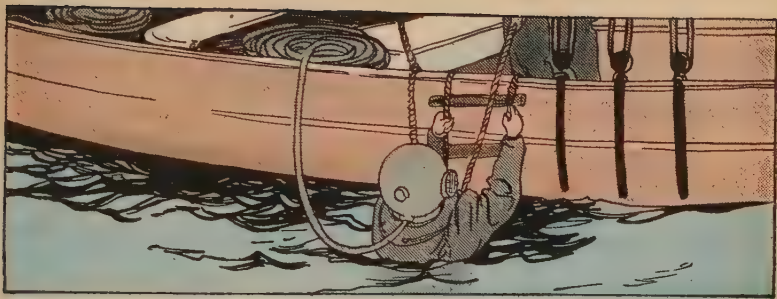


No diver can dress himself. The putting on of a diving suit is like squeezing into a huge pair of rubber boots that reach up to the chin and that have sleeves in them. A diver must feel like a tightly stuffed saw-dust doll.

Next he steps into a pair of thirty pound iron shoes that are strapped over his rubber feet. A forty pound copper helmet is fastened down tightly over the shoulders of the rubber suit. The helmet has three glass windows through which the eyes can look out.

Around his waist the diver has a belt which weighs a hundred pounds. This weight is to help sink the diver to the bottom of the water. Under this belt is a life-line that follows the diver to the bottom and will haul him up again. Beside it trails a black hose which is fastened to the helmet. Through this hose air is pumped down to the diver. A diver can stay under water from two to four hours, without being hauled up.

Now he is ready to go down into the dark water. When a diver first strikes bottom all is black. Then by degrees shapes begin to stand out and he can see to patch holes in ships or do other work.



When the diver is ready to come up he gives three slow jerks on the life-line. This tells the men above that he wants to be hauled up. If the diver is getting too much air he pulls once on the hose. If he doesn't get enough air, he pulls twice.

When the diver is pulled to the surface of the water he doesn't look like a man at all but a dripping three-eyed monster of rubber and brass.

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 15.

Some word or words are missing in each of the sentences on page 290. Write after the proper number on your paper the right word for each sentence.

1. Some men make their living by.....
2. Water is.....
3. A diver's suit is of strong.....
4. It is always.....at the bottom of the sea.
5. In winter a diver wears.....on his hands.
6. A diver cannot.....himself.
7. A diver's shoes are made of.....
8. He wears a copper on his head.
9. Around his waist is a.....to help sink the diver.
10.is pumped to the diver through a hose which is fastened to his helmet.
11. A diver can stay under water from..... to.....hours.
12. A.....to haul the diver up is fastened to his belt.
13.slow jerks on the life line tells the men above to haul the diver up.
14.jerks means more air is wanted by the diver.
15. The diver's helmet has three glass.....

Score equals the number right.

A TOPSY TURVY LAND

How would you like to live in a land where nearly everything is exactly opposite to the way things are in America? Such a land is Arabia. There everything is upside down or topsy turvy. There is a great deal told in the Bible about this country, but here are some queer things which the Bible does not mention.

In Arabia you travel on a camel which is called the ship of the desert. It is a topsy turvy ship which sails in the sand instead of in the water.

Not only is the mode of travel strange in Topsy Turvy Land, even the time of day is all upside down. When the boys and girls of America are going to bed, the boys and girls of Arabia are getting up.

Arabia has many strange customs. When a boy enters a room, he takes off his shoes but

leaves his hat on his head. You eat with a fork and knife. The Arab boy and girl eat with their fingers. You use a plate. In Arabia a boy eats his plate, for a large flat piece of bread serves as a plate until it is all eaten. The men eat first in Arabia. Whatever is left when the men finish is for the women. The women always have to wait on their husbands and eat by themselves.



How would you like to go to a topsy turvy school? There the pupils sit on the floor and every one makes as much noise as is possible, it seems. They read from their Korans or

Bibles. You read a book from left to right, but in Arabia everybody begins at the right hand cover and reads backwards. The word tomato in an Arab boy's book would be written with English letters like this:

O A O
T M T

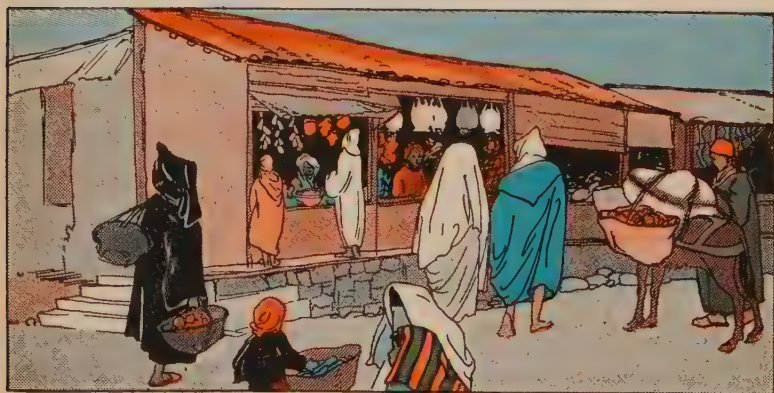
Can you read it? One child begins a sentence at the top of his voice and all the other pupils take it up. The teacher sits outside the school at work or entertaining visitors. If a pupil makes a mistake in reading, the teacher hears instantly and corrects it.

When the hours of prayer come, lessons are dropped. The Arabs pray five times a day. They do so at sunrise, at noon, at four o'clock, at sunset, and when the evening star disappears.

Everything seems different there from what it is in America. How would you like to move every month? In Arabia many of the

people live on the desert in black tents. The tents are made of goats' hair. These Arabs have great flocks of sheep, goats, and camels. When the pasture for their flocks is gone, the chief of the tribe gives notice and on the next day the whole camp moves away. Some tribes move every month and go for a long distance to find fresh pastures. These people prefer a tent to a house and would rather change their home every day than to settle down as farmers.

In Arabia you would see some strange sights in a grocer's shop. It is a small place.



The customer stands outside in the street and buys. Everything is topsy turvy. The sugar is hung from the ceiling in a row of cones on strings like sausages. A sugar barrel would soon be full of ants in this country, but when it hangs on a string the ants have a hard time getting it. Maybe there is a suggestion here for your home if you are troubled with ants.

The people of topsy turvy land are fond of proverbs of short bright sayings. Some of these proverbs are wise, but some are quite foolish and just as topsy turvy as the land they come from. Judge them for yourself.

Every girl is beautiful in her father's eyes.

Don't cut your head off with your tongue.

Your enemy will love you when the donkey becomes a doctor.

A bird catches a bird.

What a strange world if all wool were red.

Fall but don't bawl.

He fasted a year and breakfasted on an onion.

A false friend is an open enemy.

Which of the proverbs on pages 295 and 296 resemble our own proverbs? Which seem foolish to you?

Here is a topsy turvy story with a puzzle in it. The Arabs tell this story about Jonah of whom you have already read in this book.

When Jonah tried to get far away from Ninevah he went down to the sea and went on board a ship. When the storm arose, the captain was afraid and decided to throw half of the sailors overboard, that is, fifteen men. The captain knew that fifteen of the thirty men were true believers and that fifteen were unbelievers. Jonah was among the unbelievers.

The captain put the thirty men in a row in such a way that by counting out every ninth man the believers alone remained and the unbelievers were all cast into the sea. This is the way he arranged them. Every dot stands for an unbeliever, and the strokes for believers—thirty altogether.

| | | | | . | . | . | . | . . | . . . | . . | | .

Begin to count from the left as the captain did

and mark out every ninth man. If you keep on counting out the ninth man, soon only the upright lines will be left.

YES—NO

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 12.

After each number on your paper write "yes" for each true statement and "no" for each statement which is not true.

1. The Bible tells about the land of Arabia.
2. Arabia is a queer land.
3. In Arabia you travel on goats.
4. When an Arab boy enters a room, he takes off his hat.
5. The women eat first in Arabia.
6. Arabian boys and girls read backwards.
7. Arabs pray five times a day.
8. The desert tribes live in black tents.
9. A grocer's shop in Arabia is a large place.
10. Sugar is kept in barrels in Arabia.
11. All of the Arab's proverbs are wise.
12. Everything seems different in Arabia.

Score equals the number right.



OUR OUT-OF-DOOR FRIENDS



DO YOU KNOW YOUR FRIENDS?

Few boys and girls know their friends when they meet them in the woods and fields.

All too many boys, I am sorry to say, when they meet with toads, frogs, lizards, and snakes in the woods treat them in such a way as to show that they do not know the value of such animals to man.

Nineteen out of every twenty snakes are harmless. Do you know that the garter snake eats many insects that are enemies of the farmer?

Do you know that the farmers and gardeners have a wonderfully good friend in the toad, for this animal feeds upon no end of insects that kill many plants and grass? Even the tree frog is harmless and useful.

Don't "bat" the bat when it gets in the house. Let it out. It feeds on insect pests.

Do you know the little creature seen running about the house, usually in the evening, called the thousand-leg bug? People say that it has a poisonous bite—a belief that is not true. This insect is one of our little friends, for it feeds entirely on flies, cockroaches, and other household pests.

The horned lizard, called the "horned toad," looks like an enemy, but it is really very gentle. These little animals are entirely harmless. They feed upon insects, and make wonderfully interesting pets.

The red-headed woodpecker watches over our trees and keeps them free from insects. With his long pointed tongue he searches

every hole where bugs and worms are hid away.

A pair of robins eat two worms or insects a minute, all summer long. Even a baby robin is valuable, because each day the baby bird eats its own weight in animal food.

Mr. Barn Owl may look sleepy, but he eats many mice in a year.

In a season of four months, one pair of birds to every acre in America catch and eat enough bugs and worms to load a freight train nine hundred miles long, each car piled up with insects, bugs, and wriggling worms.

—*Junior Red Cross News, March, 1923*

1. Are all snakes harmless?
2. What does a toad eat?
3. On what do bats feed?
4. Is a thousand-leg bug poisonous?
5. Of what use is a thousand-leg bug in the house?
6. What do horned lizards eat?
7. Can a baby robin help a farmer? How?
8. What do owls catch?
9. How many insects are eaten each summer by birds in America?

A WORD GAME

Do this on your tablet.

Put each of the following words under some one of the eight headings given below the word list.

Word List

China	table	butter	dens
doctor	lard	sailors	Japan
chairs	potatoes	cake	buffalo
servant	bed	kitchen	elephant
soldiers	eagle	lions	farmers
hyena	woodpecker	Arabia	gardeners
bowman	page	palace	robins

Animals

People

Birds

Countries

Furniture

Rooms

Food

Homes

HOW GEORGE THE TADPOLE LOST HIS TAIL

Do you know what happens to a tadpole when he loses his tail? In what other ways does he change? Read this story and find out.

GEORGE

George was a little wriggly tadpole. He lived on the edge of a quiet pool. Water lilies and seaweed and tall rushes grew there in great abundance and confusion, and the bottom of the pool was soft and dark and mushy, just the place for a family of tadpoles.

It was quite a family, too. George had many, many brothers and sisters, and so, you know he was never lonely.

All day long they played and swam around together or clung to the feathery seaweed as it swayed back and forth in the current.

Now George had a long tail and little gills on each side through which he breathed, and



such a tiny mouth. It was only large enough for the tiniest morsel of food. Nevertheless, he was very plump, for George ate often. Little morsels picked up in the water and soft bits of seaweed salad were his food and everything tasted good to him.

One morning George seemed to feel rather quiet and not much like frolicking around with his brothers and sisters.

“Come play with us, George,” said his brother Robert.

“No, I think I’ll stay here,” George replied, and swam toward a lily pad where he clung sleepily while his brothers and sisters swam laughingly away.

“He’s up to some mischief,” said one of his brothers, “but I don’t know what it is.”

“Well, let’s go and play and leave him there,” said one of the sisters and they all swam away as fast as their tails could wriggle them, while George, who began to feel rather lonely, hung on to the under side of a lily pad.

HIS FIRST PAIR OF LEGS

All that day he stayed there by himself. He ate nothing and he felt very sleepy, and when night came he still hung to the lily pad. But when he woke up in the morning and started to swim, George found that he had two little, tiny little legs! He was very proud of them and all the brothers and sisters who had poked fun at him now circled around him in admiration.



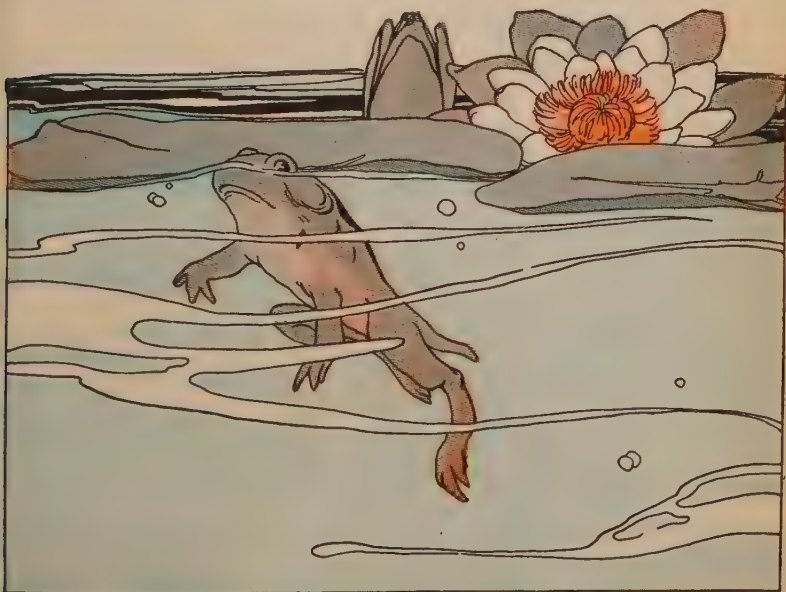
He grew more proud as the days went by because his legs grew longer and stronger and soon he could swim faster and better than any of the other tadpoles.

GEORGE LOVES TO RACE

He loved to start a race and would begin slowly and then pass them all with swift, long strokes. However, his brothers and sisters before long began to look different and to feel sleepy. After a few days little legs appeared on them too and as soon as these little legs grew stronger they could swim as fast as George.

Oh! What fun they had swimming among the reeds and rushes and watching the little minnows as they went by on their way to school.

Then George surprised them all again for he woke up one beautiful morning with two more legs! Now George began to change his habits. He no longer stayed near the bottom of the pool. He made a little trip



every now and then to the top of the water where he took a long breath of sweet fresh air. After that he would lie for hours with his nose half out of the water resting against the lily pad.

His mouth that had been very tiny and small now grew and grew and the gills with which he had breathed when he was younger were slowly disappearing.

HIS BEAUTIFUL ROUND EYES

His eyes grew beautiful and large and round and had wonderful eyelids that he closed and opened often as though they were new toys.

Day by day his tail grew shorter and his legs longer and his mouth wider. He only went down into the depths of the pool at meal time, and swam back quickly to his favorite spot as soon as his dinner was over.

His skin grew beautiful and lighter and green, and from his eyes down to his tail on



each side there ran a beautiful black stripe.

Then one day when he was resting, he suddenly filled his lungs with clean fresh air and jumped out of the water onto the top of the lily pad, where he sat admiring the scenery and the blue bottle flies as they sailed over his head.

“Come play with us,” called his brothers and sisters, but George only gazed at them over the edge of the lily pad and shook his head.

Then his brothers and sisters, too, began to lose their tails and their legs grew longer.

They, too, began to have eyelids, and soon they drew themselves out on the lily pad with George.

Then what glorious times those tadpoles had hopping from lily pad to lily pad or swimming in the cool water, only now they weren't tadpoles any longer. They were grown-up frogs!

Read aloud the parts of this story which tell the following things:

1. How did George's home look?
2. How large was George's family?
3. What did George eat?
4. What did George do one morning?
5. How did George get his legs?
6. What happened when George got his second pair of legs?
7. What happened to his mouth?
8. How did his skin look?
9. What happened to George's brothers and sisters?
10. What had the tadpoles become?

JACKIE, A LITTLE WILD RABBIT

You will like this story of a little wild rabbit. Read to find out what happened to Jackie. What would you have done with him? Does this lesson teach us anything?

JACKIE

When Uncle Jim came into dinner one day, he carried something in his hat that little Vick felt from the start he wanted to see. When Uncle Jim showed him the plump tortoise-shell colored creature, with eyes almost as big as a human baby's, Vick thought he had never seen anything as lovely as this baby rabbit.

Aunt Edith provided a grocery box for a lodging, and Vick scampered out for an armful of clover for a soft bed. But the immediate question was what and how to feed him. Several things were tried, without much success. In the end it was Vick, the little city boy,



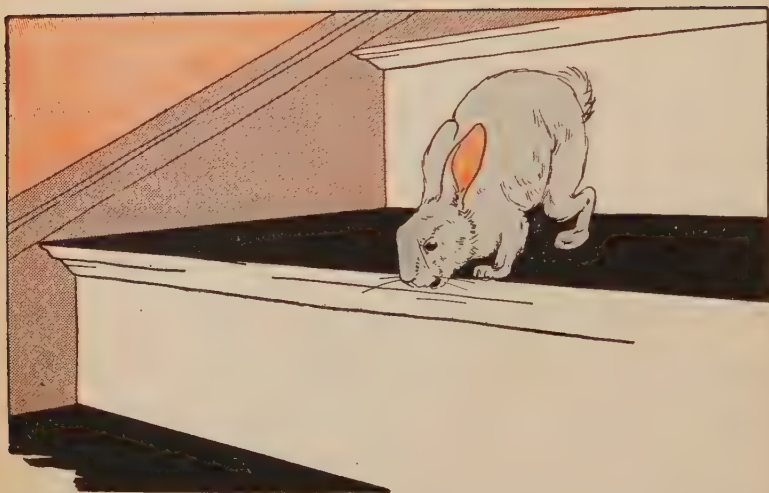
who solved the problem. Uncle Jim had poked fun at him for thinking, when he heard the guinea fowl, that the windmill was rusty.

“My new fountain pen,” he cried, running for his treasure. Uncle Jim and Aunt Edith stared at each other in wonder; but when Vick came back holding up the filler, they got the idea immediately. Aunt Edie provided a cup of warm milk, while Uncle Jim carefully squirted a few drops of it into Jackie’s mouth.

It worked like a charm! Jackie loved it. After that the only thing was to stick at the job as long as Jackie wanted it.

When he was filled with nice warm milk, they put him into his box, in a corner of the kitchen, and an hour later, when Vick looked for him, he was nowhere to be seen. Aunt Edie helped look under the sink and back of the chest of drawers. But it was Uncle Jim who poked an investigating finger into the pile of clover in the box, and turned up Jackie, sleeping warm and snug as any baby.

One thing that Jackie did steadily thereafter was grow. Many times a day Vick or Aunt Edie would fill that baby up with warm milk. Before long it took eighteen or twenty pen-filler-fuls to satisfy him. It was a slow, patient job, but Jackie paid double for all of it right from the start, with his cunning and pretty ways. His ears were long and silky. Many a time Aunt Edie and Uncle Jim laughed till the tears came, watching him sit up on his hind legs, brace his plump, little self against the wall, and comb those ears with his front paws just as girl combs her long hair.



Yet he was still just a little bit of a baby, who could nestle in your hands, and couldn't do a quarter of the things with his legs that he would do later on. When he thought no one was looking he would stick his head out from his grass pile, tumble over the low side of the box, nose around the kitchen a bit, and then tumble back again. He also learned to hop upstairs, but coming down was another matter—half roll, half flop—for this roly-poly little rabbit.

At first, the least sound would make him scurry for cover. Gradually he got used to the family, and if Vick sat on the floor near his box, and did not attempt to touch him, he would creep into his lap and go to sleep.

He was a little bit more familiar with Uncle Jim, and seemed to like the smell and feel of his hands better than Vick's. He got to know, too, that when Uncle Jim came in he nearly always had pails of warm milk with him, and he liked it better cow-warm than stove-warm.

He became a great romp, did Jackie. He would start in the kitchen and race through the living room, dining room, and pantry, then back into the kitchen and around again. In the evening when Aunt Edie was reading and Uncle Jim and Vick playing checkers, they would hear Jackie tumble out of the box and come hopping into the living room for some play. Vick would slip off a shoe and wiggle his toes, and Jackie would scurry for them. Or it might be Uncle Jim with whose



foot he would have a boxing match, standing on his hind legs and beating a rapid tattoo with his fore paws on the sole of the shoes.

Jackie had one little way that was useful as well as cunning. Let Uncle Jim, or Aunt Edie, or Vick come into the house, and Jackie remained undisturbed. But let a strange foot-step sound on the porch, and Jackie would scurry for his box and hide in his heap of clover. When Aunt Edie heard him "making tracks," she always "made tracks" too, and got her apron off or a lock of hair pinned up before the visitor had more than knocked.

VICK SETS JACKIE FREE

One day they held a conference—not Jackie, but the three human beings—and though Vick had tears in his eyes when it was over, he agreed bravely that it was best not to house up a wild thing. He had given them six weeks of joy; the time was favorable, for the oats were ripe and there were lots of juicy green things, and they owed him his freedom.

It really seemed as if they were being helped to do as they had decided, for the very next day Uncle Jim found a half-grown rabbit in the barn. So he caught it and brought it in, to give Jackie a chance to get acquainted with one of his own kind.

Aunt Edie put the two together in the living room, and then she and Vick crouched on the kitchen floor, peeping in, to watch them get acquainted. Though they laughed till they wept, they did it silently, so as not to disturb the wild visitor.

He had scurried under the sofa the instant he was put in the room, Jackie following with more confidence a moment later. They saw each other about the same time, but the wild one sat like a wooden image. Not so Jackie. He sat for a minute as though stunned; then after a few experimental hops about, approached the stranger, sat down near him, and stared at him fixedly.

No response, not even a look. Jackie hopped about some more; then sat down squarely beside the stranger and stared again. Still without looking, the wild one hopped away, and Jackie chased him. Around chair legs, under table or sofa, behind the bookcase, or tumbling over the rockers they went, helter-skelter, till neither Vick nor Aunt Edie could tell which bunny was chasing the other. But when they simply had to stop, there were not two better acquainted rabbits in the whole county.

After that the two friends played very peaceably, the two remaining days of their captivity. The wild rabbit proved quite friendly. Maybe Jackie helped by explaining that these big lumbering creatures really meant well, and would do all sorts of nice things for you if you knew how to manage them. Anyway, that very day, the “wild” rabbit was eating out of their hands—timidly, it may be, but still with growing confidence.

But it wouldn't do to let the wild rabbit get tame, when what they intended was for the tame rabbit to grow wild. So they gave them one final feast of rabbit delicacies, provided by Vick who hung over his darling with a



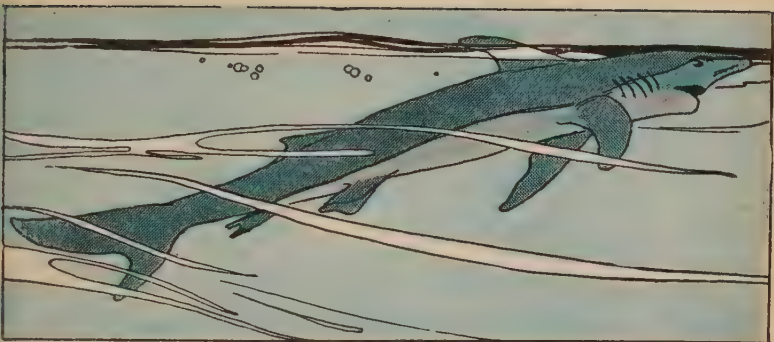
few friendly pats. Then in the open doorway two little bunnies sat side by side. Beyond that was a grassy lawn, an open gate, and a field of oats, like the one he had been brought up in.

And Jackie—had the little wild bunny told him all about the oatfield world, or did he just know because he was a rabbit? However it was, two little bunnies set off together, and together they crossed the lawn and plunged into the oatfield. The last any one saw of them was the slight swaying of the oats where they disappeared.

This story has five big parts. See if you can name these parts. Have your teacher write them on the blackboard as you tell them to her, in the following way:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.

Now tell all you can remember about each of the above parts of the story.



QUEER FISHES

This story tells about some strange fish. Read the story carefully so you can answer some questions about it.

THE SHARK

Although Nature has made many strange creatures to live at a great depth under the sea, we find just as queer and interesting fish living in what we call the surface waters.

Long ago there were great giant sea animals that were of far greater size than those of today. Whales and sharks belong to these giants.

Man fears the sharks more than any other creature, great or small, which lives in the sea. The white shark is the most dreaded monster in the deep. Many are armed with strong, sharp, cutting teeth which aid them in their hunt for large fish. These creatures will attack men and they can tear off a leg or even bite through the trunk of a man with ease.

Sharks often follow ships. Sailors catch these huge fishes by using a great hook baited with a piece of meat. The hook is fastened to a chain, for the great jaws and teeth of the fish would bite through a rope with ease.

Some sharks are enemies of large whales. Whales have often been found with pieces bitten out of their tails by these animals.

We know that a long time ago many giant sharks swarmed in the sea, for upon the bottom of the ocean their teeth are found by bushels.

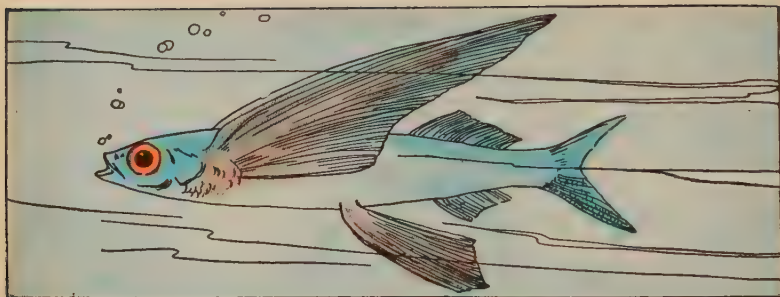
FLYING FISHES

Certain fishes can fly. You have thought that birds and insects are the only animals able to fly. Flying fishes live in the ocean. They swim near the surface of the water in large schools or companies.

Sometimes in sport, sometimes to escape some enemy, they spring out of the water, spread their fins and fly, skip, or sail through the air. The flight of a flying fish ends in a fall with a splash.

When these fish are in the air, they look like large dragon flies. They are blue on top and silvery underneath. When a ship is passing through a school of them they spring up into the air as grasshoppers in a meadow. You can hear the humming of their long fins which are set like the wings of an airplane. They often fly across the deck of a ship and the sailors catch them with their caps.

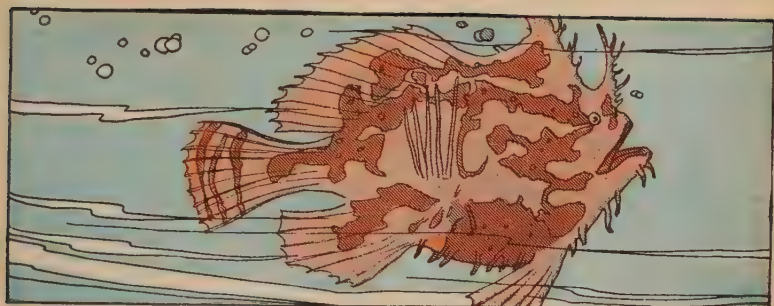
A flying fish has four fins coming out of its



shoulders. These fins look very strong and are almost as long as the fish.

Flying fishes lay their eggs in the sea. The young fish which are not bigger than grasshoppers, live in the seaweed and dart up and down the walks of the sea gardens. They live on small animals and smaller fish of the sea.

Flying fishes have many enemies such as sharks, whales, and other large fish. In order to escape these foes they have developed the power to leave the water and sail for a short distance through the air. It seems strange to think of a fish flying, but this is one of the many ways Nature provides for the protection of her creatures.



FROG FISHES

The frog fish which lives in the seaweed, is colored to look like its home. They are pale yellow with dark brown bands. This fish is such a queer looking creature that he is sometimes called the clown of the sea.

Frog fish do not live together as do the flying fish. The frog fish are quarrelsome. They even eat each other. They do not always wait for their food to float by. They steal up on the smaller sea animals and leap upon them as quickly as a tiger. The smaller fish may dodge and swim away but the frog fish follows and with open mouth gulps down its prey.

The frog fish's wide mouth enables it to swallow fishes much larger than itself. These

fish are sometimes called cannibals because they eat each other. People do not eat the frog fish.

The frog fish lays its eggs in a jelly-like mass which floats upon the water until the young hatch.

This story about Queer Fishes has three parts. Can you name each part?

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 9. After each number on your paper write the word which makes each of the following sentences true.

1. Queer fish live in the air, sea, meadow.
2. A whale is a giant sea animal, insect, frog.
3. Man fears the frog fish, whale, shark.
4. Sharks have sharp, cutting fins, teeth, legs.
5. Shark teeth are to be found upon the bottom of the surface, seaweed, ocean.
6. Certain fishes can sing, fly, bark.
7. Many fish swimming together is called a school, clown, crowd.
8. Sharks and whales are the enemies of the dragon flies, flying fish, birds.
9. Frog fish are sometimes called cannibals, air-planes, sailors.

Score equals the number right.

SELECTING IDEAS THAT FIT

Number a piece of paper from 1 to 15. After each number put one of the following letters:

Put B for sentences which are true about bicycles.

Put D for sentences which are true about dogs.

Put F for sentences which are true about fish.

Put C for sentences which are true about cats.

Put M for sentences which are true about maple sugar.

1. Boys have them for pets.
2. Some of them can fly.
3. They have two wheels.
4. Some of them lay their eggs in the sea.
5. Boys and girls like to ride them.
6. Sailors catch them with great hooks.
7. Some of them are cannibals.
8. They like to catch birds.
9. It is made of sap.
10. Many of them do not like dogs.
11. We find their teeth on the bottom of the ocean.
12. It is sweet.
13. They can do tricks.
14. They can climb trees.
15. It is boiled in an evaporator.

Score equals the number right.

WAR DOGS

Dogs are good soldiers. They have often gone with their masters into battle.

During the Great War dogs were trained for three or four different lines of work. One set was taught to serve on listening posts, for a dog can hear much better than a man. When the dog heard a sound, he was taught not to bark but to bite the man's ankles gently. If the man was lying down the dog was taught to pay no attention to him but to run to the next listening post.

Then the second man knew there was an alarm, and also that the man at the next post was either dead or wounded. From that listening post a message was sent all along the line sometimes by telephone, sometimes by messenger, and sometimes by a messenger dog.



Messenger dogs were often sent when a man could not be spared. A message was fastened to a dog and he was told to go. He would gallop back to headquarters. There the men in charge took the message and gave the dog food.

The dogs were kept hungry. They knew that whenever they took a message they would get a good dinner. Therefore, they did not stop to play along the road.

Irish terriers were trained to fight rats which lived in the trenches and ran under the feet of the soldiers. The hard, wiry coat and tough skin of the Irish terrier is a good protection against a rat's teeth.

Dogs which had to work at the front of battle lines wore gas masks just like the soldiers. It was hard on the dogs because a dog doesn't breathe much through his nose when he's running, but through his mouth.

It was hard to teach the dogs not to scratch off the gas masks with their paws. The dog

“general” or trainers kept the little puppies in gas masks all the time.

These “bonnets” were taken off only at breakfast and dinner time. They even slept in them.

YES—NO

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 12.

After each number on your paper write “yes” for each true statement and “no” for each sentence which is not true.

1. Dogs were bad soldiers during the Great War.
2. A man can hear much better than a dog.
3. When the dog heard a sound, he bit the man's ankles.
4. A messenger dog carried dead men.
5. Messages were fastened to the dog.
6. Irish terriers were trained to fight rats.
7. A rat has a hard, wiry coat.
8. A dog breathes through his mouth when he is running.
9. Dogs wore gas masks.
10. Little puppies were kept in gas masks.
11. The dogs liked the gas masks.
12. During the war there were dog trainers.

Score equals the number right.

WHERE THE HUMMING BIRD GOES IN WINTER

This story tells about some of the wonderful things a tiny humming bird can do. Read the story carefully so that you can answer questions about it.

The humming bird is one of the smallest birds there is. Did you ever see one putting his long beak into a flower to get out the honey? He seems to be floating in the air. His wings move so fast that you cannot see them. He can keep himself in one spot while he runs his beak in the flower, and when he is ready to go to another flower he darts to it like a flash.

We see the humming bird in spring and the summer time. He is here long enough to build a nest and raise a family of two little humming birds, and then he is gone. He goes far away to a land where there is no snow or ice and where it is warm and sunny even in the winter time.



You would not think that such a little mite of a bird could fly so far nor so fast. The humming bird who spends the summer in New York has to fly many, many miles to get to Florida. It takes two whole days and nights to go as far as that on the fastest train.

But that is not the hardest thing the tiny humming bird does. From Florida he flies straight across the water to Mexico. This is five hundred miles. Of course he has to fly all the way without stopping, and he has to get to the end of his trip before it is dark.

If he is to fly five hundred miles in one day while it is light the humming bird must go very fast. This would be a very long trip for an automobile to make in one day. But the humming bird is one of the fastest of the birds. He can fly more than fifty miles an hour. He has to keep up this speed hour after hour to get to the land before night.

The little bird who can fly so fast and so far weighs only as much as one copper cent, bones, muscles, heart, lungs, feathers, and all.

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 6.

Some word or words are missing in each of the sentences below.

Write after the proper number on your paper the right word for each blank.

1. The humming bird is very.....
2. He uses his long.....to get out the honey.
3. He raises a family of.....little birds.
4. He goes to a.....land in the winter time.
5. His.....move so fast you cannot see them.
6. He raises his family in the.....time.

Score equals the number right.

HUMMING BIRD

This poem was written by a little girl. Have your teacher read it to you as she did "Japanese Garden" on page 265.

Why does the little girl think the humming bird is not real?

Why do you stand on the air

And no sun shining?

How can you hold yourself so still

On raindrops sliding?

They change and fall, they are not steady,

But you do not know they are gone.

Is there a silver wire I cannot see?

Is the wind your perch?

Raindrops slide down your little shoulders

They do not wet you:

I think you are not real

In your green feathers!

You are not a humming bird at all

Standing on air above the garden!

I dreamed you the way I dream fairies,

Or the flower I lost yesterday.

—Hilda Conkling.

AN ELEPHANT HUNT

As you read this story ask yourself these questions:

1. Is this story like the story about The White Cat?
2. What kind of a story is this?
3. What kind of a story is The White Cat?

Omar lives on the other side of the world. He knows elephants for elephants are his horses. Last year Omar caught twenty elephants.

Did you ever hear of an elephant hunt? A week before his hunt last year Omar went far down the river into the jungles. On the west side of the river he found an elephant trail. He knew the elephants would follow this trail to the river. This would be the place to catch them.

Omar went back home and called for four hundred men to help him in the great hunt.

Each man brought a drum, a bugle, or anything that would make a noise. Omar got

axes and tools to work with, and everything to eat and make a camp. He also got his elephants ready.

Omar led his men back to the trail. There he built a great pen to catch the elephants. This pen was fifteen feet high. He built it out of logs by putting them in the ground like posts but very close together. He bound them together with bamboo and bark. This pen was shaped like a horseshoe with the open part to the west so the elephants would walk into it as they came down the trail. From each corner of the opening, he built a wing a hundred yards long to help drive the elephants into the pen. The opening was fixed so it could be closed quickly when the elephants were inside.

Now all was ready for the great hunt. Every man had a drum or bugle or something with which to make a noise.

They now slipped around many miles to the west to begin the drive. They formed a

line twenty miles long and began the long march toward the pen. Each man beat his drum, blew his bugle, and made all the noise he could. In this way they scared the elephants out of the jungle toward the pen. By making noises in the right places, they drove the elephants into the pen. Quickly the gate was closed. The men climbed on the walls and made a great noise to keep the elephants from breaking over. When the elephants saw that they could not escape, they gave up and came together in the middle of the pen.

TRAINING THE ELEPHANT

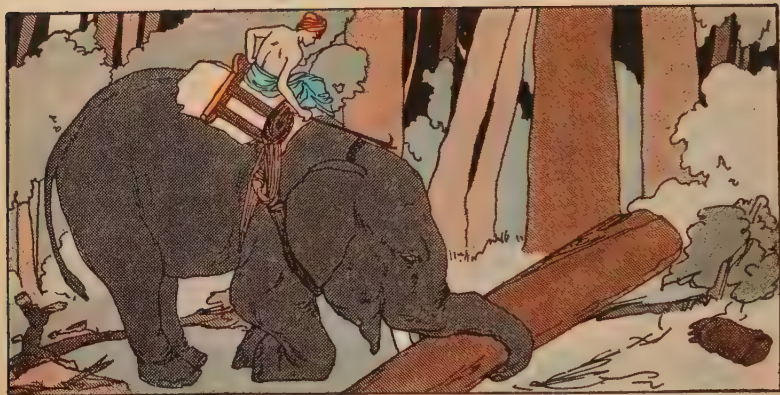
Now Omar had brought his tame elephants with him. He opened the gate a little and let three of them enter the pen. These walked among the wild elephants. Soon the tame elephants were all around a wild one. Quickly the rider slipped down, passed under his elephant, and fastened a big rope to the foot of the wild one. The rider jumped back on

his elephant and led the wild one outside.

The taming of the wild elephant now began. He soon learned that he could not run away. He also learned that he must do what he was told to do and that Omar was his master. Omar taught him to stand on his hind feet, to kneel, to march, to raise his trunk and salute like a soldier, and to sit down at the table. He taught the elephant to come to him, to stop, to start, to go to the left and to the right. Omar named this elephant Jumbo and taught him his name. In four months Jumbo was tame. He did not want to run away. He was happy to be with the other elephants, to have plenty to eat, and to be with Omar.

When Jumbo was tame, Omar taught him how to work. He put a great harness on him and hitched him to a big wagon.

They went to the jungle. Omar taught him how to load great logs with his tusks and trunk. Jumbo pulled the logs to the sawmill and unloaded them.



Omar taught Jumbo to hunt lions. A great saddle was put on him. Now this saddle was much larger than our saddles. It looked more like a play house. Three men with big guns got on the saddle. They went a long way into the jungle. It is great fun to ride elephants on a lion hunt.

Jumbo was very hungry when he came home from the hunt. Omar taught him good manners. Jumbo sat down and waited to be fed. Omar fed him twenty-five pounds of cooked rice and four hundred pounds of grass. You should have seen him eat.

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 11. By each number write the word which makes each of the following sentences true.

1. Omar is a
horse, boy, lions.
2. Omar lives on the other side of the
camp, river, world.
3. Elephants are his
horses, soldiers, men.
4. The elephant pen was built out of
bark, grass, logs.
5. The pen was shaped like a
drum, horseshoe, saddle.
6. The men drove the elephants into the
pen, sawmill, harness.
7. Omar sent his tame elephants into the
jungle, river, pen.
8. Omar taught the elephant how to
escape, work, travel.
9. The elephant loaded and unloaded
logs, harness, bugles.
10. Three men rode in the
wagon, saddle, trunk.
11. Omar taught Jumbo good
manners, fun, people.

Score equals the number right.

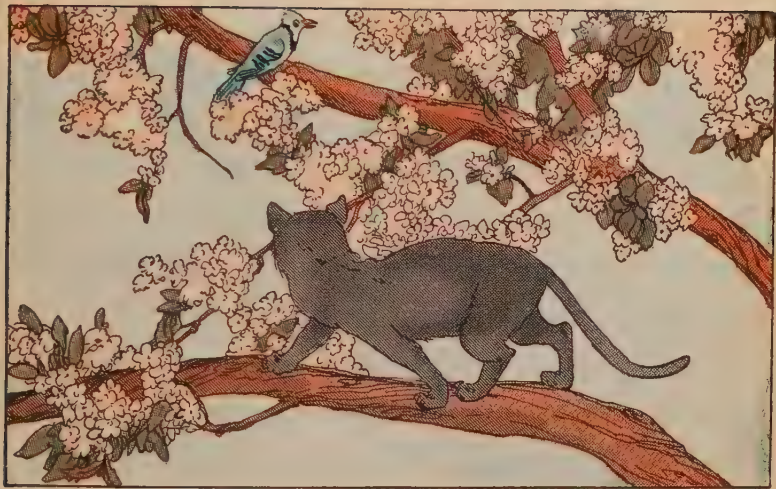
FOOLING THE CAT

This story tells us how wise birds sometimes are. Read it silently as fast as you can, but be sure to read carefully so that you can ask some good questions about the story when you have finished.

Christopher was a big, lazy cat. When he was not sleeping in a soft cushioned chair, he was teasing his mistress for something to eat, or going out to forage for a taste of fresh meat. Chris had one bad habit, he loved to catch birds.

In the yard of the house where this cat lived there was a lawn with an apple tree and a garden with bushes and rows of growing vegetables. This yard was an ideal feeding ground for birds except when the cat was there.

A pair of bluejays that had a nest somewhere in the neighborhood often came to the garden to look for the fat grubs they found under the bushes and under the pea vines. But no sooner did a jay settle down to look for



his breakfast than Chris would appear and frighten him away.

One day the cat's mistress heard a commotion in the yard and loud bird calls that sounded like "Thief! Thief!" One of the bluejays was sitting on a lower limb of the apple tree calling loudly and peering down at Chris, who was climbing the trunk of the tree. When the cat reached the limb on which the bird was sitting, the jay, instead of flying away, merely moved out to the end of the limb.

When Chris followed, the jay hopped to a higher limb. The cat then went back to the trunk and climbed out on the higher limb. After the jay had allowed the cat to come as near as he thought safe, he hopped to another higher limb, and Chris was again obliged to retrace his steps to the trunk.

During this performance in the tree, which continued fifteen or twenty minutes, the other jay was quietly scratching among the bushes in the garden, making a breakfast of grubs. As soon as he had his fill, he flew to the apple tree to take his turn at entertaining the cat, while bluejay number one flew to a nearby tree and watched his chance to slip into the garden unnoticed by the cat.

At the end of half an hour both jays had finished a good breakfast and had returned to their nesting tree in an adjoining yard, while poor Chris, tired out with so much tree climbing, came into the house for a nap in the cushioned chair.

Day after day the performance was repeated. It always began with the appearance of one of the jays on a low limb of the apple tree, calling "Thief!" at the top of his voice. Chris could never resist this challenge, nor did he ever discover that the jays were making a fool of him.

Different children may read aloud each of the following parts of the story. When each reader has finished reading his part, the other children should close their books and question him about what he has read. Do the same for each part.

1. Read about Chris and his habits.
2. Read about the yard and the garden.
3. Read about what the cat's mistress saw and heard one day.
4. Read about the second jay.
5. Read the last two paragraphs.

DR. WOODPECKER

How would you like to live in a land where there were so many caterpillars and other insects that they covered the ground, grass, trees, and flowers? You could not walk for insects.

This story tells you why you do not live in such a world.

Dr. Woodpecker, the surgeon of the woods, is one of our most useful and honorable citizens. Long ago old Mother Nature gave him and other birds the task of watching over all the trees, and keeping them free from insects.



Were it not for the birds not many years would pass before we should have a treeless land, and a land so full of moths, caterpillars, beetles, and other insects that you and I would want to find another place for our home.

Many birds take part in the fight to keep down this swarming insect life. But the part the woodpecker plays is just like the work of the surgeon. The surgeon must perform the operations that means a cutting within. So the woodpecker is given the surgeon's task, and every year he performs many million cutting operations.

You know there are some insects which lay their eggs and rear their young on the outer parts of the tree. Dr. Robin and his feathered brothers can take care of these.

But there are other insects (beetles and the borers) which live and lay their eggs in the tree itself. Protected by a heavy covering of bark and wood, they cannot be reached by the other birds. But Dr. Woodpecker can reach

them. The bark flies under the stout blows of his sharp beak, and he reaches in and removes the borers which are killing the tree, and with them he eats their eggs. This he does with his long tongue, which is about twice as long as his head. This tongue is hard on the end and has a number of barbs on its sides, with which he drags out the insects.

One day I followed a woodpecker. He was at work in a forest of young trees, which harbored only a few insects. In the course of this single day, Dr. Woodpecker inspected eight hundred and twenty-seven trees.

1. Who keeps our trees free from insects?
2. What does Mr. Robin do?
3. What does Dr. Woodpecker do?
4. How does Dr. Woodpecker reach insects on the inside of the tree?
5. Of what use is his tongue?
6. How is the work of Dr. Woodpecker different from the work of other birds?

THE ANT

Ants are very interesting little creatures. Do you know how the ant nurses take care of the baby ants? Do you know that ants have cattle which they milk? Read and find out about these busy little insects.

ANT HOUSES

Ants are very interesting little insects. They are very much like people in many ways.

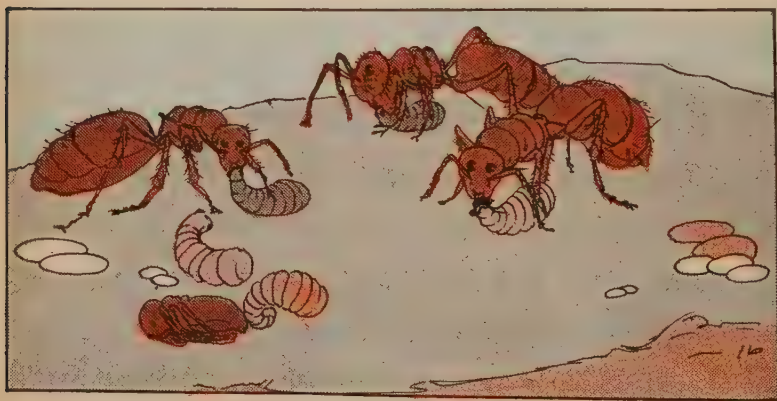
Ants live in hills or nests made of sand or dirt. Many ants work together to make one nest or ant city. One ant hill has often as many as two hundred houses. A nest is sometimes a tunnel in the earth and sometimes a large hill with hallways under the ground.

Every ant in the nest has his work to do. The mother ant lays her eggs in this home. She is called the queen ant, but she does not rule. She is merely the mother of the ant city. The other ants are very good to her and feed

her well. The father ant is called the drone, because he does no work.

There are other ants in the nest called workers. Workers are by far the most interesting of the ant people. They do all the work; care for the young and stock, and carry on wars.

The young workers act as nurses for the baby ants. This is their work at first because their skin is soft and they must not do out-of-door work until their backs have had time to harden. The nurse ants take good care of the eggs and the baby ants. When the weather is



cold, they carry the eggs to the warmer parts of the nest. When the baby ants begin to grow, the nurses divide them into classes according to age and size.

Those workers with large heads guard the doors of the nest and are called soldiers.

Ants like to move to new homes just like people. When everything is ready, the queen ant flies away. The other ants follow in a long, single line, or by twos. After coming to the new home, the mother ant loses her wings and does not leave the nest any more.

Most ants will carry off the eggs and young of other ants and make them slaves. The slave ants help to do the work, keep the house clean, bring in the food, and care for the baby ants.



Sometimes you may see slave ants cleaning and feeding their masters or carrying them on their backs to a new nest.

HOW ANTS FIGHT

Ants have many enemies. They and their young are the favorite food of many animals. Have you ever seen an army of ants marching on their enemies? When they fight, they bite right and left, dancing about to keep from being bitten themselves. When fighting larger ants, they spring on their backs and seize them by the necks. Sometimes three or four ants will attack an enemy at once. They get hold of her legs and then pull different ways, so that she cannot get at any one of her foes. Then one of them will jump on her back and cut, or rather saw, off her head. Once an ant takes hold, she will be cut to pieces rather than to let go.

AT WORK AND PLAY

Ants are such busy little creatures that they work all day, and in warm weather, at night, too, if need be. Not even bees work as hard as ants.

But they know how to play, too. If you watch them, you will see them raise themselves on their hind legs and play at hitting at each other with their long feelers. Sometimes they seem to play hide and seek.

Ants are very clean little people. They keep their homes and bodies very clean. They lick themselves all over every day. This is their way of taking a bath. Sometimes they lick each other.

Ants eat many insects. They like sugar and honey, too, eating much juice of fruit. They are very fond of honey dew which is a sweet juice given off by their "cows."

Many kinds of ants bring to their nests and take care of little mealy-bugs. They are the

“ant-cattle” from which the ants get their supply of honey dew. This honey dew the mealy-bugs give off from their bodies. Almost all ants are very fond of it.

The eggs of the mealy-bug are gathered by the ants in the late autumn and heaped up in piles in the ant nest. All through the winter these eggs are cared for by the ants.

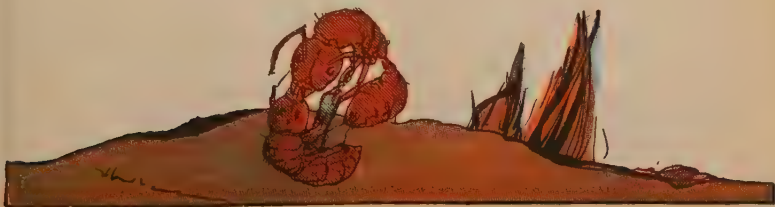
When the sunny days of spring begin to come, the eggs are brought up above the ground and scattered about in the sunshine. Then they are carried down again at night. The little ants sometimes turn the eggs over and over and carefully lick them as if to clean them of dust.

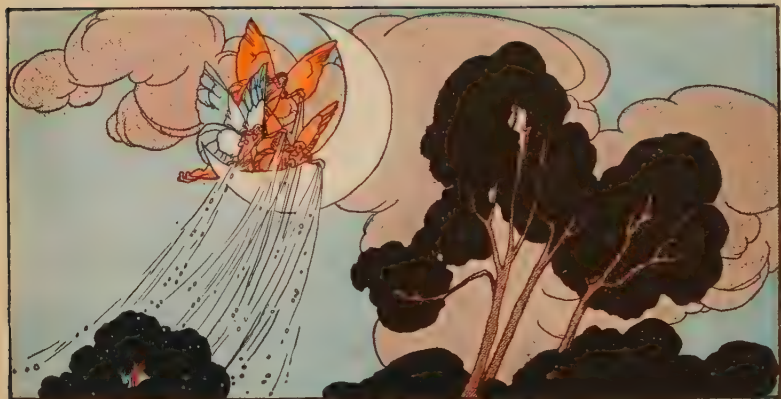
In the late spring the eggs hatch. Then the ants carry these bugs up into the sunlight and place them on weeds to suck sap.

It is just like keeping cows, for the ants have to milk these mealy-bugs. The ants pat or rub them with their hairy little feelers; sort of tickle them to get them to squeeze out a little drop of honey-dew.

If I should tell you all the really amazing things that ants do, you would not believe me at all. Watch them carefully and you will find out for yourself.

1. In what kind of houses do ants live?
2. How do ants clean themselves?
3. What is the mother ant called?
4. What is the work of the mother ant?
5. What is the father ant called?
6. What does he do?
7. What are the other ants called and what do they do?
8. What is the work of the nurse ant?
9. How do ants fight?
10. What do ants eat?
11. How do ants move from one home to another?
12. How do ants care for the queen ant?
13. How do ants take care of their "cattle"?
14. How do ants milk their "cattle"?
15. How are ants like people?





FAIRY JEWELS

Your teacher will read this poem to you while you close your eyes and try to see all the pictures you can. Tell each other what pictures you see.

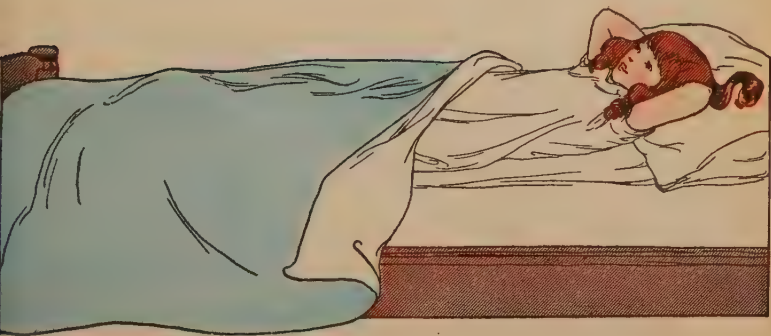
Have your teacher read the poem again. This time when your eyes are closed think of the line in the poem which you like best of all. Tell that line to your classmates.

O White moon sailing down the sky,
I watch you when in bed I lie;
I watch you on the calm blue deep,
And dream of you when fast asleep.
I fancy as I see you float
There you are some good fairy's boat,

And winds that in my window blow
Are the same winds that make you go;
Each star that shines for me so bright
For you is just a beacon light.

I half believe that it is you
Who brings to us the morning dew,
Each drop is so much like a gem,
I think the fairy gathers them,
And leaning over as you pass
Lets millions fall upon the grass.

—*Frank D. Sherman*
Little Folk Lyrics
Houghton-Mifflin Co.



FAIRY SHIPWRECK

Your teacher will read this poem to you just as she did "Fairy Jewels" on page 356.

What pictures did you see?

What part do you like best?

Of what was the fairy ship made?

One morning when the rain was done,
And all the trees adrip,
I found, all shining in the sun,
A storm-wrecked fairy ship.

Its hull was fashioned of a leaf,
A tiny twig its mast,
And high upon a green-branch reef
By winds it had been cast.

A spider's web, the fragile sail,
Now flying loose and torn,
Once spread itself to catch the gale
By which the ship was borne.

Its voyages at last were o'er,
And gone were all the crew;
And did they safely get ashore?
Alas, I wish I knew!

—Frank Sherman
Little Folk Lyrics
Houghton-Mifflin Co.



THE FAIRY GARDENS OF THE SEA

OCEAN SECRETS

The ocean is filled with secrets. The water world is a fairy world. If the waters of the ocean were dried up, men would see many strange sights at the bottom of the sea. They would find great mountains, hills, and valleys on the ocean floor.

The sea is full of gardens where bright sea flowers grow. If you should go out in a boat with a glass bottom, you would see a fairy land under the sea. You would see many strange plants and animals that you have never seen before.

In some parts of the sea the water is so clear that you may look far down to the bottom and see the forests of coral that are growing there. Think of great living trees of purple, pink, and red. Coral trees are not like the trees that



grow upon the land. The coral trees are covered with bright blooms which are not plants at all but little animals called polyps. Some of these make-believe coral flowers look like lilies and asters as they nod and wave in the water.

There are many beautiful plants in the ocean too. All kinds of seaweeds live there. Some seaweeds have no roots and are carried about by the waves. Others grow on the sea bottom like trees, having thick trunks and many branches and leaves.

Those that grow near the surface of the water are bright green and brown in color like grass and land plants. The lovely pinks, bright reds, and rich purples have their homes in the deeper waters. Many of these plants look like mosses and ferns. Others are called feather weeds, while still others are as fine as hair.

SEA PEOPLE

To the seaweeds cling millions of little sea people. Among the coral trees the strangest and the brightest of sea animals live and play. In the forests under the sea in place of birds and butterflies, blue, red, purple, green, and gold fishes swim in and out among the seaweed. There are rainbow fishes and parrot fishes which are purple and blue. Little zebra fishes with black, yellow, and red stripes running around their bodies dart here and there.



Men a long time ago thought there was no life at the bottom of the sea. We have since found out that real live fishes live there as well as many other creatures of the sea. We do not know how many kinds of fish there are at the bottom of the sea, and no doubt we never will know. Most of the creatures of the deep sea have never been seen by man.

Fishes are born, live, and die below the surface of the water without ever having seen the light of day. Nature made these fishes to live at the bottom of the ocean.

Nearly all the creatures which live in the deep waters are provided with dim lights or lanterns which help them to find their food and to live in that land of total darkness. Some of the fishes have rows of small lights along their sides, while the heads and tails of others are provided with these tiny candles. For all we know the blackness of the sea gardens may be lighted by these countless lamps.

YES—NO

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 12.

After each number on your paper write "yes" for each true statement and "no" for each sentence which is not true.

1. There is a fairy world down in the sea.
2. The ocean floor is smooth.
3. Bright sea flowers grow in the sea.
4. There are great forests of coral in the sea.
5. The blooms on coral trees are little plants.
6. Seaweed is an animal.
7. The bright seaweeds have their homes in the deeper waters.

8. Some fishes of the sea are bright colored.
9. A long time ago men thought there was life at the bottom of the sea.
10. Most of the creatures of the deep sea have been seen by man.
11. Many fish live and die without seeing the light of day.
12. We know all the kinds of fish there are in the deep sea.

Score equals the number right.

A WORD GAME

Do this on your tablet.

Put each of the following words under some one of the headings given below the word list.

Word List

church	breeches	cap	diamonds
vest	storehouse	barn	automobile
mill	castle	jacket	silo
sapphires	inn	slippers	truck
sawmill	wagons	train	ships
gloves	sharks	shirt	flying fish
boots	mittens	parrot-fish	frog fish

Buildings

Fishes

Jewels

Clothing

Ways of Travel

INDIFFERENCE

Your teacher will read this poem to you while you close your eyes and count the number of things in the garden which were not excited about the airplane.

Why did all these creatures not care about the airplane?

Now can you tell the meaning of the title of this poem?

What verse do you like best of all? Read that verse to your classmates.

Over my garden
An airplane flew.
But nothing there
Either cared or knew.
Cabbage butterflies
Chased each other.
A young wren cried,
Seeking his mother.
Gay zinnias
With heavy heads
Flaunted yellows
And mauves and reds.

A humming bird
On the late larkspur
Never knew what
Went over her.

Crickets chirped
And a blinking toad
Watched for flies
On the gravel road.

They don't care
How smart men are—
To go through heaven
In a flying car!

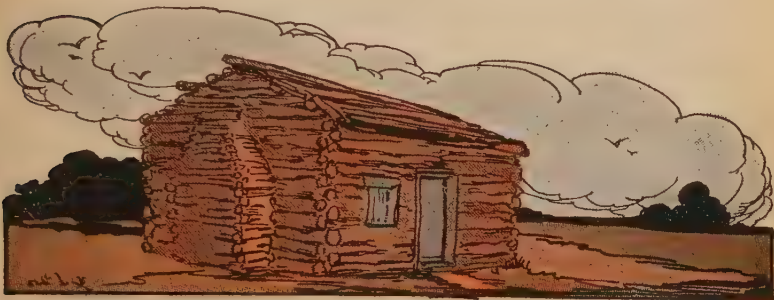
To a yellow bee
On a marigold
The adventure seems
A trifle old.

—*Louis Driscoll.*

Draw a picture or pictures for each verse of the poem.



MAKERS OF OUR COUNTRY



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This is a picture of Lincoln's home in Kentucky. He lived in a little log cabin in the forest. He fished in the little brook near his home. His neighbors were the birds and squirrels in the trees, and the wild animals of the forest; but he was never lonely. This simple life and the plain, coarse food of the backwoodsmen made Lincoln strong and able to endure great hardships.

This story of Lincoln's boyhood is told by Edwin Markham:

In a log cabin built under green trees and near a singing brook, was born, on February 12, 1809, the baby boy who grew to be our

great Abraham Lincoln. This cabin had but one room. There was no glass in the one little square window and no door in the doorway, but over both of these openings skins were sometimes hung to keep out the cold and wind. To the left of the doorway was a wide fireplace built of stones and clay, with the chimney built against the outside of the house. There was no floor except the hard-packed earth. For furniture there were blocks of wood, a home-made chair, and a pole bedstead, while the bedding was the skins of animals and a homespun quilt.

In this lowly home in Kentucky the little boy Abraham Lincoln lived and grew until he was eight years old. His only playmate was his sister Sarah, two years older than himself, and though he had no toys such as most children have, he was a happy child. He caught fish in the clear brook, watched birds and squirrels in the tree-tops, and found many things to enjoy in the woods about his home.

He was tall and strong for his age, and his father had taught him to swing an ax and shoot a gun, so that he felt quite brave and manly, and often helped his mother, who was a very busy woman. She kept the cabin clean, cooked their food, made their clothes from skins or from cloth which she spun and wove, and sometimes helped to take care of the garden. With all this work she kept a happy heart and found time to tell the children stories she knew, and to teach little Abraham to read as soon as he was old enough to learn.

In the autumn after his eighth birthday the Lincoln family moved to southern Indiana. In the story of Lincoln's life you may read of that hard journey, of the building of a new cabin home, of the death of the brave, patient mother, and of the lonely, uncomfortable days that followed. You may also read how at last a kindly woman came as a new mother to care for the neglected home and children, and you will be glad that she took such good care of

the poorly dressed, homely little boy. Happier days agreed with him well, and at fifteen years of age he could run the swiftest, jump the highest, throw the farthest, split wood the best, and plow the deepest of any boy in the neighborhood. He was good-natured, obliging, and kind to every living thing, and so honest and true in all that he did that he was called "Honest Abe." All the time he had spent in school put together would not make more than a year, but he had read every good book he could get hold of, and he remembered and thought about what he had read.

Soon after Lincoln was fifteen years old he made up his mind to become a lawyer. He went on working, on the farm, on the river, in a store, or in the forest, earning what money he could to help his family, but reading and studying law in his spare time, and thinking as he worked.

Lincoln's family moved to Illinois when he was twenty-one years old, and as the years

went by he became not only a great lawyer to whom people went when in trouble, but a good man whom every one loved and trusted. When our country was in great danger he was chosen President, and by his wise and unselfish leadership found a safe way out of the trouble and saved the nation.

He was fifty-six years old when he died. His life had been spent in thinking and doing for others, and the whole world mourned that such a life was ended.

1. Tell about Lincoln's boyhood days in Kentucky.
2. Give some reasons why he was such a strong boy.
3. Tell about Lincoln's experiences in Indiana.
4. Why was he called "Honest Abe"?
5. How did Lincoln get an education?
6. What did he do while he was getting an education?
7. How did Lincoln become a great lawyer?
8. Why did so many people go to him for advice when he practiced law in Springfield?
9. Why do we honor Lincoln?
10. Why do you think he was a great man?

THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE BOY

Many people admired Theodore Roosevelt. He was a wonderful man. Although he was a frail child, he had a very pleasant boyhood which you will be interested in reading about.

The story of Theodore Roosevelt is the story of a small boy who read about great men and wanted to be like them. He tried very hard to do this and he succeeded.

Theodore was a sickly, delicate boy and frequently had to be taken away on trips to find a place where he could breathe. He could sleep only when sitting up. Night after night he was awake, coughing and trying to breathe. At those times Theodore's father was always with him. The father walked up and down the room with the boy in his arms. In the summer, Theodore and his father would go driving for miles through the country at night.

In spite of his suffering, Theodore played and read many books. Theodore was a good story teller. He told wonderful stories about people who lived in trees and deep forests to his brother Elliott and his sister Conie and their many cousins.

Theodore liked to read. He read sitting down and he read standing on one leg like a stork. In his books Theodore found many heroes and he wanted to be like them. He loved to think about great men. His father was his first and greatest hero. He wanted very much to be like his father. Young Theodore once said, "My father, Theodore Roosevelt, was the best man I ever knew."

The Roosevelt children had many pets. They had cats, dogs, rabbits, a coon, and a Shetland pony named General Grant. Theodore liked to ride General Grant, although the pony always threw off the rider before they started on a morning ride.

When Theodore was nine years old, and

still a small boy, he decided to write a book on insects. The name of the book was on the first page as follows:

NATURAL HISTORY ON INSECTS
BY
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR.

In his book Theodore said:

"All these insects are natives of North America. Most of the insects are not described in other books.

"I will write about ants first. Ants are divided into three sorts, officer, soldier, and worker. There is one officer to ten soldiers and one soldier to two workers."

Theodore told in his book about spiders and lady-bugs, fireflies and horned "beetles," and dragon flies and "mosquito hawks."

"All the insects that I write about in this book," said young Theodore, "inhabit North America. Now and then a friend has told me something about them but mostly I have gained their habits from observation."



Theodore loved nature. He studied flowers and fish, and the nests and songs of birds. He made a collection of birds and animals.

One day in the refrigerator, Theodore's mother found several families of field mice which the boy had put away for safe keeping. The Roosevelt's washer-woman refused to work for them, because Theodore kept two great turtles tied to the wash tubs.

One year the Roosevelt family went to Egypt. Everywhere Theodore went he collected specimens of all kinds of bugs and insects and carried them back to his hotel bedroom which he shared with his brother Elliott.

Elliott was very neat and soon got tired of having so many bugs around. One day Elliott went to his father and said, "Father, do you think it would be extravagant if I were now and then to have a room to myself in hotels?"

"I suppose not if you really wish it," said Mr. Roosevelt, "but why?"

Elliott replied, "Come and see our room." Mr. Roosevelt did. There were bottles on the chairs; there were bottles on the table. Clothes were everywhere. There was a snake in the water pitcher.

What Mr. Roosevelt said and did to Theodore we do not know, but we do know that young Theodore continued his work with mice, snakes, and other creatures.

One day Mr. Roosevelt called Theodore to him and said, "Theodore, you have the mind, but you do not have the body, and without the body the mind cannot go as far as it should."

The little boy looked up and said, "I'll make my body."

The delicate boy began his work. He fished, he hunted, he learned to box, he went through exercises every day. His body grew stronger day by day.

Theodore did not think much of people who did things by halves. He wanted to become a man who did things. He knew the only road to his goal was work. Therefore, he worked to build up his body, and he worked to build up his mind.

You will want to read more about him when he grew to be a man and became President of the United States. Later he went to far off lands to hunt for lions, tigers, elephants, and other large animals.

Different children may read aloud each of the following parts of the story. When each reader has finished reading his part, the other children may question him about what he has read. Do the same for each part.

Read until:

1. Theodore talks about his father.
2. General Grant throws Theodore.
3. Theodore tells about his natural history book.
4. Elliott refuses to room with Theodore.
5. Theodore worked to build up his body and his mind.



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD

All of you have seen pictures of George Washington and heard stories about him. Have you ever wanted to know about his little-boy days? No doubt you have wondered who his playmates were and how they played. There were no bicycles, roller skates, and baseball then. What could boys find to do when Washington was a boy?

Washington had several brothers and a sister named Betty who was very dear to him. He said Betty looked like him until he had the smallpox. The Washingtons lived in the country on a great farm or plantation. There were so many barns, storehouses, and sheds around the house that they made almost a small village themselves.

The great Potomac River flowed near the Washington home. George and his brothers

went swimming and fishing in this lovely river. George often went with one of the servants to the river to get fish, crabs, oysters, clams, and shell-fish for the family and the seventy slaves.

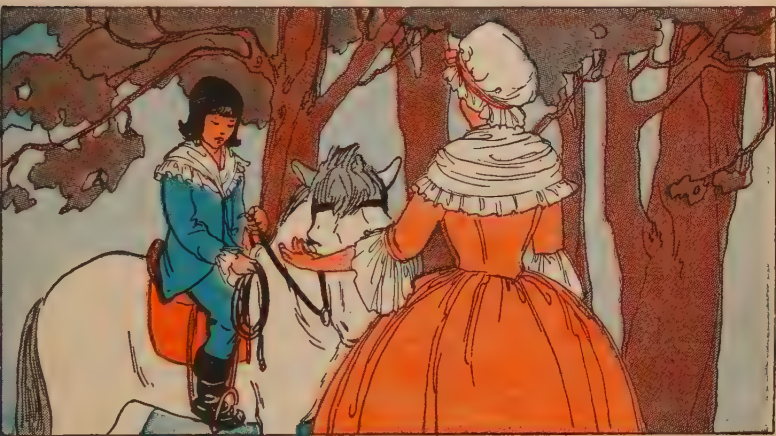
At that time there were no railroads, airplanes, or automobiles. Neighbors lived miles away. When George and his brothers went to visit neighbor boys, they rode on horses through the thick woods or sailed in row boats up and down rivers.

Although the Washington children had no neighbor boys to play with, they did not get lonely on the big plantation. There were horses to ride and guns to shoot. The horses, cows, sheep, and dogs on the farm made the dearest of playmates.

George Washington loved horses all his life. Many stories have been told about Washington and his horses. He had a pretty pony called Hero that he used to ride all about the plantation.

RIDING HORSEBACK

When George was a little boy, he often went for a ride with his mother. Mrs. Washington held a long strap or leading rein which was fastened to Hero's bridle.



One day when Mrs. Washington did not notice it, George unfastened the leading rein and put it into his saddle pocket.

Suddenly Mrs. Washington remembered that she was not holding the strap.

"Have you lost the leading rein, George?" she asked.

"No, mother," he replied, "but I think we shall need it no more."

"Give it to me," said his mother.

"I can do without it now," he said.

"That is for me to judge," was her reply, and she held out her hand.

George's lip quivered. Would he ever be able to ride without that leading rein? He pulled the strap from the saddle pocket and handed it to his mother.

"My son," she said, "when a brave man has earned a promotion, it is his chief who should give it." Then she threw the strap into the bushes.

"Thank you, mother," said the happy George. "Next time I shall trust you."

One day some time later George's father was teaching him how to make Hero jump fences. George tried and tried but the pony refused again and again. When Hero reached

the fence, he stopped and would not jump.

George's father sat on a big black horse and directed George. At last George got the pony over, but Hero fell with him. George jumped up and was back in the saddle in a hurry.

Mr. Washington said, "That is bad riding, my son. Try it again."

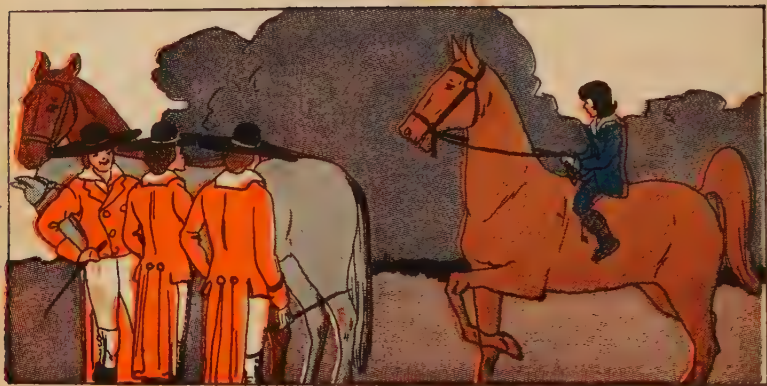
George and Hero learned to take a fence before Mr. Washington permitted the lesson to stop.

George liked to be about the stables where the horses were kept. After school hours he could almost always be found there.

One Saturday morning George was out very early at the stables. Since no one was about to hinder, George made the groom saddle a hunting horse for him.

Now that day at a neighbor's, who lived about four miles away, there was to be a great fox hunt.

When the hunters with their horses and dogs were ready to start, up rode little George



Washington on the great hunting horse. George told the men that he had come to join the chase.

The men laughed and asked George if he could stay on, and if the horse knew he had anyone on his back.

George was permitted to join the chase.

Washington said, "The horse knew his business better than I did and carried me well. I saw two foxes killed that day. This was my first hunt. As I rode home my horse went lame, and to save him I got off and led him."



George often went down to the wharf on the river and talked to the men who had sailed across the sea from England. He listened to their tales of the sea and of pirates. Then he thought he would like to be a sailor.

At other times he talked to the hunters who brought in many animal skins from the great forests. Then George thought he would like to be a hunter.

Here are some rules for manners which George wrote in his copy book. These rules were given to Washington by one of his teachers.

1. Keep your Nails clean and Short, also your Hands and Teeth Clean.

2. Speak not Evil of the absent for it is unjust.

3. If you Cough, Sneeze, Sigh, or Yawn do it not loud, but privately; and Speak not in your yawning, but put your handkerchief or Hand before your face and turn aside.

4. Shift not yourself in the sight of others nor gnaw your nails.

5. Be courteous to all.

6. At Play it is good Manners to give Place to the last Commer.

Do you see a misspelled word? George had not learned to use his capital letters very well at that time. But he often said that those directions for conduct and manners always helped him, and when he was a man he never forgot them. The following stories will show you how well he remembered some of those rules.

WASHINGTON WAS ALWAYS THOUGHTFUL OF OTHERS

Washington was General of the American army during the Revolutionary War. One Sunday the great General Washington went to church. The church was crowded. A chair was set out for General Washington.

Just before the services started, a woman came in carrying a child in her arms. There were no more seats.

Washington saw the woman. He immediately arose and placed the woman in his chair. General Washington remained standing throughout the whole service.

WASHINGTON WAS ALWAYS ON TIME OR PUNCTUAL

When he was president of the United States, his dinner hour was at four o'clock. At this time he always sat down to the table whether his guests were there or not.

One day a new member of Congress was invited to the White House for dinner. The man did not arrive until dinner was half over.

President Washington remarked, "We are punctual here. My cook never asks whether the company has arrived, but whether the hour has."

Read aloud the parts of this story which tell the following things:

1. Where did the Washingtons live?
2. How did the Washington children play?
3. What is the story which is told about Hero, George, and his mother?
4. How did George and Hero learn to jump fences?
5. What is the story which is told about little George's first fox hunt?
6. What were some of Washington's rules for manners?
7. How do you know that Washington was courteous?
8. How do you know that he was punctual?

On a piece of paper make a list of all the ways George played when he was a boy. See who can remember the most things he did. This list will show your teacher whether you read carefully or not.

RELATIONSHIP GAME

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 15.

In each line select the word which belongs with the first word in each line. Then write this word on your paper opposite the number of the line.

1. doctor	task	life	operation
2. sailor	ship	wind	storm
3. soldier	country	gun	far
4. bowman	arrow	battle	drums
5. farmers	farm	dinner	party
6. pottery	gray	clay	pebble
7. woodman	crack	hand	ax
8. officer	sword	broom	powder
9. railroad	farm	tracks	playmates
10. hunters	wharf	manners	guns
11. teacher	church	books	nails
12. church	rules	sneeze	Sunday
13. general	army	chair	hour
14. cook	member	dinner	cough
15. groom	chase	business	horses

Score equals the number right.

THE TOWN CRIER

"Some one has found a little gray kitten," said David. "There's a notice pinned up on the post where the trolley car stops."

"That's a good place to put a notice," said Betty. "Heaps of people get off at that stop."

"When I was a little girl," remarked Grandmother, who was really Great-Granny to Betty and David, "it wouldn't have been much good putting up a notice because so many people would have been unable to read it."

"Why?" asked David.

"Because it wasn't everyone who could read in my young days," was the reply.

"What did they do," Betty inquired, "when they wanted people to know about something?"

"The Town Crier used to let every one know," said Granny.

"What's a town crier?" asked both the children.

"The one that I remember," said Granny, "had a red round face and little twinkling eyes. He wore a long blue coat with shining brass buttons and a tall hat. He used to carry a big bell in his hand, and before he started to say anything he would ring the bell loudly two or three times. Then everybody stopped whatever he was doing and listened to what the crier had to say."

Then Granny gave a funny little smile.

"Once," she said, "he had to ring that bell for me."

"Please tell us," cried David and Betty.

"Well," said Granny, "when I was a little girl we had a large farm, and every market day my father drove into the nearest town to do business. Sometimes he would take me with him. I used to love to sit up on the seat beside him and behind Robin, the big white horse. I was even allowed to hold the reins



once in a while, and then I felt very important."

"Like David does when Daddy lets him stand between his knees and hold the wheel when we are out driving in the automobile," remarked Betty with a sly glance at her brother.

"When we reached the town," said Granny, continuing her story, "Robin was driven into the inn yard and put into the charge of a hostler while Father went to the market to do his business. I liked to go with him for there

were so many interesting things to see. While Father talked to the other farmers and townspeople, I kept my eyes wide open you may be sure.

“I was most interested in the live stock and more particularly the baby things; little long-legged calves pushing against their mothers; small squealing pigs, and broods of tiny yellow chicks.

“One day I was watching a big mother duck with her babies and I didn’t notice that father had moved a few yards away to talk to a friend. When I remembered to look for him, he was hidden from my sight by several other people. I felt very lonely and lost all of a sudden.

“Instead of standing still as I should have done, I began to wander about, getting further and further away from father all the time. All around me I saw only strange faces until suddenly I caught a glimpse of the Town Crier and, of course, I knew his face very well. He was just about to ring his bell when I ran up



to him. ‘Oh, please, Mr. Town Crier,’ I said, ‘I’m lost.’

“ ‘Dear, dear!’ he said, with his eyes twinkling. ‘What a good thing you found me here, bell and all! Come along,’ he added, holding out his hand. ‘We’ll put you upon the steps here so that every one can see you.’

“All at once I began to feel very shy, and when the Town Crier rang his bell and all the people in the market looked up and waited to hear what he had to say, I hid my face in the tails of his long blue coat.

“When I took courage and peeped out from my hiding place, I saw father pushing his way through the crowd, and in another moment I was safe in his arms.

“ ‘Well, well,’ said the Town Crier as father thanked him, ‘I was bound some one was going to claim her.’ ”

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 11.

After each number write the word which makes each of the following sentences true.

1. A town crier carried a big
 duck, post, bell.
2. He rang a bell before he started to
 listen, notice, talk.
3. Long ago few people were able to
 listen, talk, read.
4. Granny went to market with her
 father, friend, brother.
5. Granny was most interested in the baby
 boys, trees, animals.
6. Her father went to market to do his
 business, work, driving.
7. Granny lost her
 pigs, father, chicks.

8. Suddenly Granny saw the
hostler, town crier, farmers.
 9. He put her up on the
steps, seat, automobile.
 10. Granny hid her face in his
hat, hand, coat.
 11. At last Granny was
moved, found, interested.
- Score equals the number right.*

SUBSTITUTING WORDS

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 14.

From the list of words on the next page find one which means the same as the word in each sentence printed in heavy type. Write this word on your paper after the number of the sentence.

1. George did not feel like **frolicking**.
2. He was very **plump**.
3. He ate tiny **morsels** of food.
4. Christopher went out to **forage** for fresh meat.
5. The cat's mistress heard a **commotion**.
6. The bluejay was **peering** down at Chris.
7. Mrs. Woods was **delighted** to see Molly leading the goat.

8. The evaporator was thoroughly **cleansed**.
9. The wind is in the right **quarter**.
10. That is the **signal** for a grand **hurrah**.
11. The sweetness of the maple sap is a great **mystery**.
12. A little stream **trickles** from the tree.
13. A grocery box was the baby rabbit's **lodging**.
14. A noise made Jackie **scurry** to his box.

fat
noise
sign
looking
hunt

house
runs
hurry
bits
happy

playing
washed
direction
shouting
secret



THE LAST BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION

You have heard stories of the American Revolution, but no doubt you have not heard this one before.

A long time ago America and England were at war. The English king sent thousands of his soldiers to our country to fight the Americans. George Washington was at the head of our army. Many battles were fought.

After eight years of hard fighting, the war was over. England was defeated and the United States of America gained her freedom from England.

Most of the English soldiers had sailed away from the United States, but some remained. Now people were tired of having the English troops in America.

An English general was in New York waiting for ships. At last the day came for him to leave the city.

A woman brought out an American flag. She ran the flag up on a pole in front of her house.

An English officer was coming down the street. When he saw the flag, he was very angry.

"We do not leave this city until noon. Haul down that flag," he shouted.

"That flag went up to stay, and it will not be hauled down," replied the woman, and went on sweeping in front of her door.

"Then I will pull it down myself," cried the angry officer, and he set to work.



The woman with the broom decided that the American people had suffered enough from the English. Raising her broom, she used the weapon on the officer.

A cloud of powder flew from his wig. At last he had to fly to save himself from a good beating. The flag continued to float in the morning breeze.

Some American soldiers who saw the encounter called this the last battle of the Revolution.

Number the lines of a piece of paper from 1 to 13.

Some word or words are missing in each of the sentences below.

Write after the proper number on your paper the right word for each sentence.

1. Long ago England and America were at
2. was the general of our army.
3. After years the war was over.
4. England was
5. A woman brought out an flag.

6. An officer saw the flag.
7. The officer was
8. He told the woman to the flag.
9. The woman went on
10. The officer started to the flag.
11. The woman used her on the officer.
12. The floated in the breeze.
13. This was called the battle of the Revolution.

Score equals the number right.

SELECTING IDEAS THAT FIT

Number a piece of paper from 1 to 6. After each number put one of the following letters.

Put S for sentences which are true about a silo.

Put A for sentences which are true about apples.

Put N for sentences which are true about a needle.

Put P for sentences which are true about pottery.

Put F for sentences which are true about the flag.

1. It is made of coils of clay.
2. They grow in the orchard on trees.
3. It has thirteen stripes.
4. We sew with them.
5. It is a tall round building.
6. We make cider out of them.

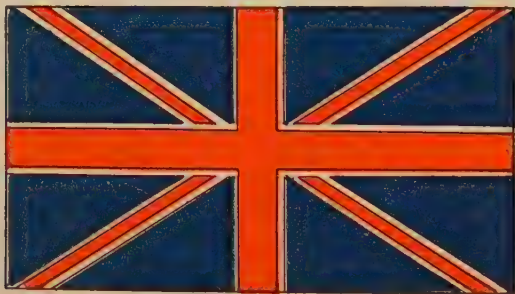
Score equals the number right.

SOME AMERICAN FLAGS

America has had many flags. Read the story of six of these flags.

America has not always had the Stars and Stripes for a flag. We have been a land of many flags.

For some time the people of America used the flag of England called the "King's Flag" or the "Union Jack" which you see below.

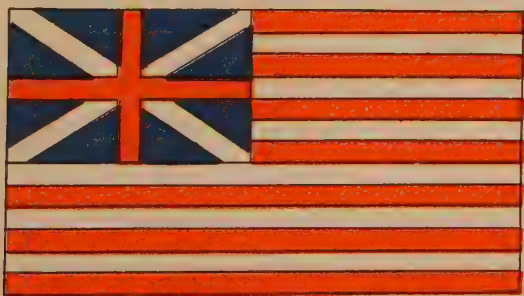


Here is a part of the story of our flags. At the beginning of the Revolutionary War between America and England each little company of American soldiers had its flag. But there was no flag representing the thirteen colonies as a whole.

The flags in use at that time were queer.

Rattlesnakes and pine trees were among the emblems which appeared on these early flags of the colonists. The red coat of a soldier was once nailed to a pole to furnish a flag.

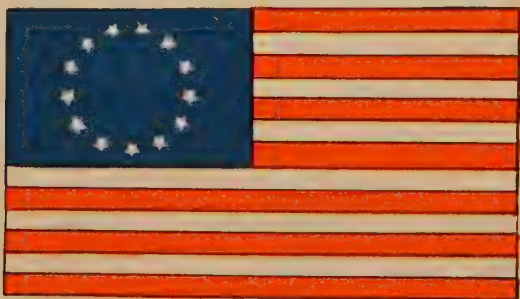
The first real flag of the thirteen colonies was the "Grand Union" flag. It is not known who chose or designed this flag. The new flag kept the two crosses of the English flag and added red and white stripes. These thirteen stripes represented the thirteen colonies. The blue union suggested that the colonies still clung to the mother country.



This flag was first raised on January 1st, 1776, and was saluted with thirteen guns and

thirteen loud cheers. It was raised over George Washington's headquarters.

About a year later Congress decided that the flag of the thirteen United States should be thirteen red and white stripes with thirteen white stars on a blue field. This flag was called the Betsy Ross flag because Mrs. Ross made the flag for General George Washington.



You will remember that General Washington, Colonel Ross, and Robert Morris went to Mrs. Ross and asked her to make the flag. They showed her a picture of the flag and asked her what she thought of it.

Mrs. Ross said the flag should be about one third longer than it was wide. She also thought that the stars should be arranged in some regular form as a circle, a star, or in rows. She told General Washington that a star with five points was prettier than one with six.

The three gentlemen were pleased with Mrs. Ross's suggestions. So she set to work to make the first American flag bearing the stars and stripes.

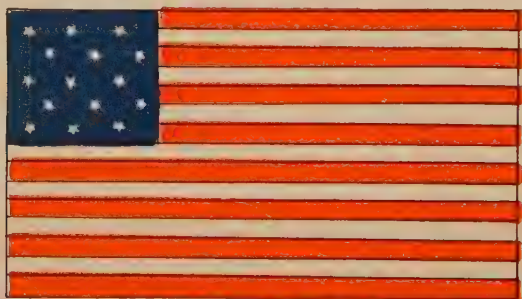
Congress was so pleased with the work of Mrs. Ross that they told her to buy all the material she could and to make as many flags as possible. For more than fifty years Betsy Ross made flags for the government.

General Washington said of the new flag:

"We take the star from Heaven, red from our Mother country, separating it by stripes, thus showing that we are separated from her, and the white stripes represent liberty."

Later the American flag was changed because two new states came into the union. The stars and stripes became fifteen in number. Under this flag of fifteen stripes and fifteen stars our country fought and won three wars.

This flag was the banner about which Francis Scott Key wrote his great song, "The Star Spangled Banner." If you do not know the story of this song ask your teacher to tell it to you.



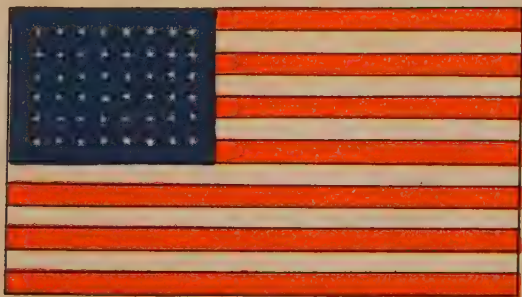
As more states were formed people saw that they could not continue to add more stripes to the flag. At last Congress decided that the

flag of the United States should have thirteen horizontal stripes alternate red and white. For every new state which came into the union, one star should be added to the field of blue.

Congress forgot to say anything about how the stars should be placed on the blue field.

One Fourth of July a man watched to see how the stars were arranged on the flags displayed. He counted nine different ways.

Today the stars on all flags are arranged in six rows of eight stars each. How many stars does that make?



During the Great War the American people added another flag called the service flag. These flags were hung in the windows of many homes, in churches, and in stores. You saw them everywhere. These service flags had red borders around a white center on which one or more blue stars were sewed, one star for each man in the service.



This story tells about six American flags. How well can you tell all you remember about each of these flags?

1. Union Jack.
2. The Grand Union Flag.
3. Betsy Ross Flag.
4. The Star Spangled Banner.

5. The American Flag today.

6. The Service Flag.

Try to draw these six flags from memory. Do not write the names of the flags below the pictures. Have some of your schoolmates try to name the different flags.

FLAG ETIQUETTE

A good American citizen should know how to act toward the flag.

Below are some rules regarding the Stars and Stripes which have been sent out by your Uncle Sam.

When the colors are passing by, everyone should halt if walking and arise if sitting. A man or boy should remove his hat, holding it with his right hand near his left shoulder. A woman or girl should stand at attention as the flag passes by.

The flag should never be draped but always hung flat. When the flag is hung with the stripes running up and down, the blue field should be in the upper right hand corner. When the flag is hung with the stripes

horizontal, the blue field should be in the upper left hand corner.

When the flag is carried in a parade or when crossed with other flags, the Stars and Stripes should be on the marching right.

The flag should be raised at sunrise and lowered at sunset. It should not be displayed on stormy days or left out over night. To leave the flag out at night is proof of carelessness.

On Memorial Day, the flag should be displayed at half mast from sunrise until noon, and at the peak from noon until sunset. On being brought down, it should never be allowed to touch the ground.

Worn out and useless flags should always be burned.

A flag torn or frayed by the wind and weather should never again be hoisted until it has been repaired. This is a rule of both the army and the navy, and this practice should be followed by all citizens.

When "The Star Spangled Banner" is played or sung, we should stand and remain standing, silent, until it is finished.

—*National Committee of Patriotic Societies.*

1. Draw some stick men showing what boys and girls should do when the flag is passing.

2. Draw the flag when its stripes are horizontal. Show the blue field.

3. Draw the flag with its stripes going up and down. Show the blue field.

4. Make the flag crossed with a flag of another country.

5. Draw two flag-poles. Show the flag as it is displayed on Memorial Day at 9:00 A. M. At 5:00 P. M.

6. Draw some stick men who are singing "The Star Spangled Banner."

✓

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4



